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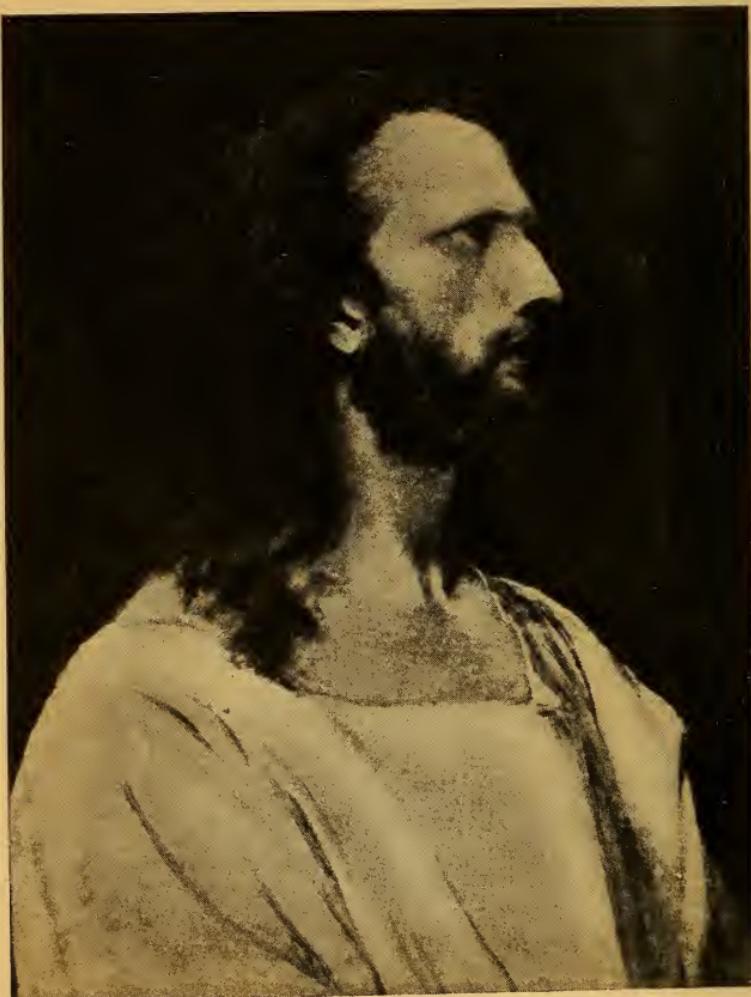












*“Christ before Pilate” from a painting by  
M. de Munkacsy*

# CHRIST IN THE POETRY OF TODAY

An Anthology from American Poets

COMPILED BY  
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

*Revised Edition, containing  
"Christ and the World War"*



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We place Thy sacred name upon our brows;  
Our cycles from Thy natal day we score:  
Yet, spite of all our songs and all our vows,  
We thirst and ever thirst to know Thee more.

For Thou art Mystery and Question still;  
Even when we see Thee lifted as a sign  
Drawing all men unto that hapless hill  
With the resistless power of Love Divine.

Still Thou art Question—while rings in our ears  
Thine outcry to a world discord-beset:  
*Have I been with thee all these many years,*  
*O World,—dost thou not know ME even yet?*

M. F. C.



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In regard to capitalization, indentation and punctuation, the precedent of the authors themselves has been followed, using the latest editions where possible.

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## INTRODUCTION

That stern prophet, Dr. Josiah Strong, in one of his illuminating treatises refers with a fine inadvertence to "the return to Christ that is now taking place." This phrase, like a signboard hidden among the shadows of a well-forested pathway, might elude the glance of the passer-by. But when I saw it, the inscription aroused me to eager question. I had been for a long time gathering references to poems about Jesus, just because they had a special interest for me, but with no definite thought of sharing my finds with others. Can it be, I now said, that our poets have all along been singing about the events in the life of Jesus and I have been deaf to them?

We had always had poets with us, I realized, who had been ranked as pious poets, who had been swept to the empyrean by religious themes only. Such poets gave their whole attention to adoration, praise and prayer. They stood for that. But as for the general run of poets—they wrote about love, companionship, the joys of nature, the delight of delight, and very especially, the sadness of sadness. But very rarely was found a poem about Jesus mingled with those on life's general problems, or on the beauty of the

world, or the necessity of enduring bravely the affliction of being alive in a world that was felt to be far less than a possible best. God was still sitting in a far away sky and Christ was thought of as something separate from life, as something shut up carefully in a place called a church.

Then I laid aside my slender sheaf of poems about Jesus, gathered by chance or in idle moments, and began to put the question more definitely to proof. First I ran through some fifty volumes of poems of about 1890. I found few or no poems about Jesus. Then I plunged in again at 1895 and found but a lonely one here and there. At 1900 there were more, distinctly more. At 1905 there was a still brighter dawn. But when I came to 1910 and thereabouts, times were changed. Something had verily happened. The fascinating theme of Jesus, the dramatic quality of his human career, the miracle of his personality, had been discovered; and the position of the poem that illuminated some incident in the life of Christ or that enthroned some quality of his character was now securely established in nearly every book of poetry. I discovered two things: that I had not been deaf to the poets' earlier singing about Christ, for they had not been singing of Him at all; and also that "the return of Christ" was now being delicately registered by the poets of to-day in poems of varying distinction and with an impulse commensurate with the power of that poetic expression that has lately come upon us and that promises so much for our future.

And the poems were often of a new kind never seen in books of poetry before. Incidents in his life were

imaginatively reproduced as nearly as possible in the very semblance that they had when He was upon earth, and often with a concreteness that is the gift of the new poetic impulse of our time.

Of course each poem of this kind must be considered as an expression of the author's own angle of thought. But if one considers such a group as is here collected, the poems may be thought of as the facets of a diamond; taken all together they may reflect something like the white light of truth.

Selecting, then, from the superabundant wealth of poetical material on this theme, written by the poets of the United States of America since about 1900, and arranging them in the order of the events of his life, we have here a sort of new biography of Jesus, each chapter of which consists of a poem written by a different author, and the whole forming the poetic reaction of our time to the thought of Jesus, what He was, what his life meant to the world, and, it may be added in a separate group, what He might yet be to the world if we would but listen to the Voice that still rings in our ears.

That is, roughly speaking, what has been attempted in this book. Stringing the gems of poetry upon a golden cord of Bible phrases, a poetic biography emerges. Then follows a series of comments representing different historical eras as our poets have imagined the Good News spreading circle after circle throughout the world. After this the searchlight is cast upon our own times, on our hardness and our deafness, on our refusals and our brutalities, on our dismay of the present moment. Ultimately our poets are gifted to

see a ray of hope. The White Comrade moves along the distracted battle line, the Old Road to Paradise is a travelled way, and after the day of utter havoc, Brotherhood is to spring anew from ruin.

Beyond the elisions necessary in trying to cram the best of the poetry into small space, but little guidance was required in the selection. I hope no theological bent is discoverable. Jew and Gentile, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Neo-Pagan, Socialist, Emersonian—all sorts and conditions of lovers and admirers of Jesus are represented in this collection. The one rule has been only this—does the poem represent a true reverence and love? To be entered in this catalog it is not required that a poet shall claim that he fully understands Jesus Christ!

MARTHA FOOTE CROW.

#### NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The edition of 1918 differs but little from that of 1917 except that a new section has been added, called, "Christ and the World War." It has been a source of intense gratification to compiler and publisher that the anthology has been found helpful to the soldiers in camp. To make the book still more so, to make it an inspiration and consolation to the boy in khaki as he takes his life in his hands and goes to wage the good warfare against Antichrist, for the preservation of all our Christ-like ideals, is the aim in the selection of poems that compose Section VIII.

M. F. C.

I  
THE STORY  
OF THE  
NATIVITY OF JESUS



# CHRIST IN THE POETRY OF TO-DAY

*Thou shalt call his name Jesus.*

God whispered and a silence fell; the world  
Poised one expectant moment like a soul  
Who sees at Heaven's threshold the unfurled  
White wings of cherubim, the sea impearled,  
And pauses, dazed, to comprehend the whole;  
Only across all space God's whisper came  
And burned about her heart like some white flame.

Then suddenly a bird's note thrilled the peace,  
And earth again jarred noisily to life  
With a great murmur as of many seas.  
But Mary sat with hands clasped on her knees,  
And lifted eyes with all amazement rife,  
And in her heart the rapture of the Spring  
Upon its first sweet day of blossoming.

*The Annunciation*  
THEODOSIA GARRISON

*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,  
and see this thing that is come to pass.*

*O little town, O little town,  
Upon the hills so far,  
We see you, like a thing sublime,  
Across the great gray wastes of time,  
And men go up and men go down,  
But follow still the star!*

And this is humble Bethlehem  
In the Judean wild;  
And this is lowly Bethlehem  
Wherein a mother smiled;  
Yea, this is happy Bethlehem  
That knew the little Child!

Aye, this is glorious Bethlehem  
Where He drew living breath  
(Ah, precious, precious Bethlehem!—  
So every mortal saith)  
Who brought to all that tread the earth  
Life's triumph over death!

*O little town, O little town,  
Upon the hills afar,  
You call to us, a thing sublime,  
Across the great gray wastes of time,  
For men go up and men go down,  
But follow still the star!*

*The Little Town*  
CLINTON SCOLLARD

*And there was no room  
for them in the inn.*

There was a gentle hostler  
(And blessed be his name!)  
He opened up the stable  
The night Our Lady came.  
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,  
He gave them food and bed,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open  
However poor the yard,  
Lest weary people visit you  
And find their passage barred.  
Unlatch the door at midnight  
And let your lantern's glow  
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet  
To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler  
(He is in Heaven to-night!)  
He held Our Lady's bridle  
And helped her to alight,  
He spread clean straw before her  
Whereon she might lie down,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening  
And let the gate swing wide,  
Let all who ask for shelter  
Come speedily inside.  
What if your yard be narrow?  
What if your house be small?  
There is a Guest is coming  
Will glorify it all.*

There was a joyous hostler  
Who knelt on Christmas morn  
Beside the radiant manger  
Wherein his Lord was born.  
His heart was full of laughter,  
His soul was full of bliss  
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,  
Gave him His hand to kiss.

*Unbar your heart this evening  
And keep no stranger out,  
Take from your soul's great portal  
The barrier of doubt.  
To humble folk and weary  
Give hearty welcoming,  
Your breast shall be to-morrow  
The cradle of a King.*

*Gates and Doors: A Ballad of Christmas Eve*  
JOYCE KILMER

*Ye shall find a babe  
wrapped in swaddling clothes,  
and lying in a manger.*

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore  
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,  
Our Lady without Sinne.  
Now soone from Sleepe  
A Starre shall leap,  
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;  
*Amen, Amen:*  
But O, the Place co'd I but find!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent  
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,  
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,  
The Blessed layes her Browe.  
Around her feet  
Full Warm and Sweete  
His Bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;  
*Amen, Amen:*  
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl.

The Ox is Host in Judah stall,  
And Host of more than onelie one,  
For close she gathereth withal  
Our Lorde, her littel Sonne:

Glad Hinde and King  
Their Gyfte may bring,  
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there;  
Amen, Amen:  
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

*Nativity Song*  
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

*My soul doth magnify the Lord. . .  
for he hath looked upon the low estate  
of his handmaid.*

On that divine all-hallowed morn  
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,  
How lone did Mary seem to be,  
The kindly beasts for company!

But when she saw her infant's face—  
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,  
Softly she wept for love's excess,  
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—  
A lowly mother, set apart  
In the dear way that mothers are,  
And heaven seemed high, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise  
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;  
For at his touch her sense grew dim—  
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head  
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,  
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,  
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!  
In its affliction turns to her—  
Best love of all, best understood,  
The type of selfless motherhood!

*When Christ Was Born*  
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

*The cedars of Lebanon,  
where the birds make their nests.*

Murmured all night in cedar'd Lebanon  
The tree-tops' odorous sigh;  
Murmured all night beneath the steadfast stars  
In frosty sky.

Whisper'd the pines—O softly! where the hills  
Uplifted to the night,  
A plaintive dream-song to the snowy earth  
All virgin white.

Sighed the tall cedars; fragrant balsams wept;  
The firs and hemlocks moaned;  
While through their tremulous tops the sweeping winds  
Their hymns intoned.

Think you the green trees slept while Mary grieved  
In pain and travail sore?

Nay, night-long they watched with her, till at dawn  
Her babe she bore.

*The Cedars of Lebanon*  
HELEN COALE CREW

*And they came with haste,  
and found the babe lying in the manger.*

The Little Jesus came to town;  
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;  
Out in the street the wind was bold;  
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,  
Fair were the rushes on the floor;  
The Ox put forth a hornèd head;  
“Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed.”

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;  
“Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here.”  
He entered there to rush and reed,  
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;  
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;  
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,  
For that they housed Him from the cold!

*A Christmas Folk-Song*  
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE  
10

*Good tidings of great joy  
which shall be to all the people.*

Two little angel-sisters,  
Just called from earth away—  
What brings them back from Heaven,  
At dawning of The Day?  
Two little Bethlehem sisters—  
They had a childish way:  
Where'er was a new baby,  
There, too, full soon were they!

One might have seen them running  
Along old Bethlehem street . . .  
“Oh, let us see the baby—  
How sweet it is—how sweet!  
And let us touch its hands,  
And let us kiss its feet.”  
One might have heard them talking  
To every one they meet.

When came this Blessed Baby  
They followed Him below . . .  
Their wings are in the shadow,  
Their faces all aglow—  
Save for those wings half-hidden,  
I own, I should not know  
But they were Bethlehem children,  
That just love babies so!

*To See the New Baby*  
(to accompany the picture of the  
Nativity by Gherardo delle Notte)

EDITH M. THOMAS

*Fear not, Mary: for thou  
hast found favor with God.*

Joseph, the simple tradesman, sat near by,  
Awed by his wonder, stilled by sympathy;  
Vaguely he mused on what his eyes had seen,  
Or pondered slowly what the morn might mean.  
Mary slept on—that first blest mother-sleep;  
He watched alone; the night was growing deep.  
Amazed he marked new glory flood her face;  
Her eyes were closed, but from her lowly place  
She called his name, as one who dreams a dream.  
And as he came, her face did strangely gleam.  
Her arms lay open, and with knowing glance,  
He knew he heard her speaking in a trance.

“Look, Joseph, on my Babe—He is a King!  
Come near and touch my hand; I hear the ring  
Of wondrous anthems bursting from the sky;  
I am bewildered and I know not why.  
Look, sleeps He well? Ah, Joseph, bear with me  
In loving patience as thou hast, for we—  
Joseph, they sing again! Hear ye the choir?  
Their faces shine as with a sacred fire.  
They hover near us—O, a mighty throng  
Are singing for my Babe His natal-song!  
Before His star a thousand stars take flight—  
Who placed it there, that wondrous, holy Light?  
My joy—dear Joseph, can I bear it all?  
My joy!—Ah, see around me fall

The dismal shadows of a distant cross!—  
My fathers' God, is all this gain or loss?"

And Joseph—for he could not understand—  
Knelt by her side and, wond'ring, kissed her hand.

*Joseph and Mary*  
ROScoe GILMAN STOTT

*And there were shepherds in the same country,  
keeping watch by night over their flock*

*First Shepherd, a youth:*

I saw a wonder as I came along:  
Out of the sky there dropped a shining song.  
I do not know if stars in heaven have wings;  
But look, and listen!—there it soars and sings.

*Second Shepherd, an old man:*

My eyes are dazzled for the light is strong.

*The Angel:*

I bring good tidings, shepherds, have no fear:  
The Saviour of the whole world is come near.  
A child is born to-night in Bethlehem  
Who brings great joy to all, and most to them  
Who are most poor. The King! The King is here!

*First Shepherd:*

Where is his palace? Can we find the way?

*Second Shepherd:*

We have had kings enough. Must we go pay  
More taxes to a new one?

*The Angel:*

Come and bring

The love of simple hearts unto this king.

*Third Shepherd, a man of middle age:*

I could bring only tears where a child lay.

*First Shepherd (aside):*

Why can he not forget his year-old pain?

*Second Shepherd (aside):*

Hearts that break slowly will not heal again.

*The Angel:*

Good-will, good-will, and peace to all the earth  
Born in a cattle stable, lo! his birth  
Is holy. King of Love, he comes to reign.

*Third Shepherd:*

When harvests fail, and all the sheep are dead,  
And little children cry and cry for bread,  
Grow tired at last, and sicken and lie still,  
Will any sing of peace there and good-will  
To us who watch beside an empty bed?

*First Shepherd:*

I think that when the King of Love is grown,  
And hearts of men are loving like his own,  
He who has gold will with his brother share;  
There will be bread and wine and fire to spare;  
For who can love, yet sit and feast alone?

*Second Shepherd:*

Quick, let us go! These dim old eyes would see  
A king who comes in peace and poverty.

*First Shepherd:*

I see a hundred white stars drifting down;  
They circle yonder over Bethlehem town.

*Chorus of Angels:*

Glory to God! Good-will to men shall be!

*The Shepherds*

SOPHIE JEWETT

*We saw his star in the east.*

Softly I come into the dance of the spheres  
Into the choir of lights,  
New from my nest in God's heart.  
O Night, the chosen of nights,  
Longing and dream of the years,  
Blessèd thou art!

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;  
Golden the glistening tide  
Sweeps through the heavens; the cars  
Of the great mooned planets glide  
Golden; and yet to me  
Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with æonian reigns,  
Under the flight of my feet  
Eager for Bethlehem,  
Thither with music-beat  
Blent of innumerable strains  
Marshalling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,  
Quivering vespers that thrill  
    Into the deep nocturne,  
    Symphony I fulfill,  
I who like Mary's face  
    Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above  
    The Word made flesh to-night,  
    Wonderful Word impeared  
    In childhood holy-white,  
Word that is Godhood, Love,  
    Light of the World.

*The Star of Bethlehem*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*And lo, the star, which they saw  
in the east, went before them.*

I

The Kings of the East are riding  
    To-night to Bethlehem.  
The sunset glows dividing,  
The Kings of the East are riding;  
A star their journey guiding,  
    Gleaming with gold and gem  
The Kings of the East are riding  
    To-night to Bethlehem.

## II

To a strange sweet harp of Zion  
    The starry host troops forth;  
The golden-glaived Orion  
To a strange sweet harp of Zion;  
The Archer and the Lion,  
    The Watcher of the North;  
To a strange sweet harp of Zion  
    The starry host sweeps forth.

## III

There beams above a manger  
    The child-face of a star;  
Amid the stars a stranger,  
It beams above a manger;  
What means this ether-ranger  
    To pause where poor folk are?  
There beams above a manger  
    The child-face of a star.

*The Kings of the East*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*The star came and stood over  
where the young child was.*

The day the Christ-child's tender eyes  
    Unveiled their beauty on the earth,  
God lit a new star in the skies  
    To flash the message of his birth;  
And wise men read the glowing sign,  
And came to greet the Child divine.

Low kneeling in the stable's gloom,  
Their precious treasures they unrolled;  
The place was rich with sweet perfume;  
Upon the floor lay gifts of gold.  
And thus adoring they did bring  
To Christ the earliest offering.

I think no nimbus wreathed the head  
Of the young King so rudely throned;  
The quilt of hay beneath Him spread  
The sleepy kine beside Him owned;  
And here and there in the torn thatch  
The sky thrust in a starry patch.

Oh, when was new-born monarch shrined  
Within such canopy as this?  
The birds have cradles feather lined;  
And for their new babes princesses  
Have sheets of lace without a flaw,—  
*His* pillow was a wisp of straw!

He chose this way, it may have been,  
That those poor mothers, everywhere,  
Whose babies in the world's great inn  
Find scanty cradle-room and fare,  
As did the babe of Bethlehem,  
May find somewhat to comfort them.

*His Birthday*  
MAY RILEY SMITH

*And his name shall be called  
Prince of Peace.*

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,  
And the Wise Men gave Him gold,  
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them  
As they prayed in the cattle-fold:  
“Smile, then smile, little Prince of Earth,  
Smile in Thy holy sleep;  
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth  
There shall be plenty and light and mirth  
Through lands where the poor folk weep.”

But Mary-Mother was still and pale  
And she raised her gold-ringed head:  
“Then why have I heard the children wail  
All night long on the far-blown gale  
While my own Child slept?” she said.  
(*But far over head the angels sang;  
“There shall be peace!” the far notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem  
And the censers burned for Him  
That the Wise Men swung on a silver stem,  
And prayed while the smoke rose dim:  
“Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,  
Sleep while the whole world prays:  
All of the world shall fear thy nod,  
Following close thy staff and rod  
Praising this day of days.”

But Mary-Mother turned whispering  
    There by the manger-bed:  
“Then why do I hear a mocking ring  
Of voices crying and questioning  
    Through the scented smoke?” she said.  
(*But high over head the angels sang;*  
“*There shall be faith!*” *the sweet notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem  
    And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh  
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them  
    As they prayed by the heart of her;  
“Hush, then hush, little Prince of Peace,  
    Hush, take Thy holy rest;  
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,  
Thou who hast brought all strife release  
    Even from East to West!”

But Mary-Motner she veiled her head  
    As if her great joys were lost:  
And “Here is only a manger-bed,  
Then why do I hear clashed swords?” she said,  
“And why do I see a tide of red  
    Over the whole world tossed?”  
(*But still over all the angels sang;*  
“*There shall be peace!*” *the high notes rang!*)

*A Ballad of the Wise Men*

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*And opening their treasures  
they offered unto him gifts.*

I am Balthazar, sovereign where the Nile  
Winds over Egypt by the palms and sands,  
Temples and sphinxes waiting Thy commands  
Adown the ages in a deathless smile.  
Thee would our priests with fire and bloodshed style  
A "God of Terrors," yet the mummies' hands  
Held fast the scarab so that shadow-lands  
Of death might know Thou didst but bide the while!

Thus for Thy Kingship did I snatch the gold  
From grim Osiris' brow, that night the Star  
For which Chaldea's sages pined of old  
Proclaimed Thy birth; and trusting in the sign,  
Come I to seek Thee on the hills afar,  
To yield Fear's broken sovereignty to Thine!

Behold me—Gaspar of the Isles of Greece—  
Before Thy feet anointed! Thou didst call  
Our souls to dream of Thee by waterfall  
And snow-strewn mount and purple vale of peace.  
Out where our sea-flocks comb their silver fleece  
Against a thousand isles marmoreal  
We raised to Thee our temple columns tall  
Where sacrifice and pæan should not cease.

What though the Phidian stone or ivory heard  
The cry our barren hearts sent up to Thee,  
Yet did we treasure every Delphic word

And ply the sibyls in Thine augury.  
Such was our homage till yon pure Star stirred  
Before me bearing incense o'er the sea.

They crowned me—Melchior—where the Ganges rolls  
By gilded shrines and cities to the sea,  
There where the death-pyres burn eternally  
And saints and sages lacerate their souls.  
Through scorn of love and hate their will controls  
Earth's rebel senses; naught of worth can be  
Save full absorption in the life of Thee,  
Their Lamp consuming o'er the deeps and shoals.

Thou dost confound the dreaming of our seers,  
Thou who in human guise, not flame, wouldest bring  
Our world Thy message of its precious tears,  
Its humblest service angel-winged with thought.  
So hither unto Thee, O Saviour,—King,—  
And Brother,—lo, the myrrh adoring brought!

*At the Manger's Side*

THOMAS WALSH

*He that will, let him take  
the water of life freely.*

When that our gentle Lord was born  
And cradled in the hay  
There rode three wise men from the east—

Three rich wise men were they—  
All in the starry night they came  
Their homage gifts to pay.

They got them down from camel-back,  
The cattle shed before,  
And in the darkness vainly sought  
A great latch on the door,  
“Ho! this is strange,” quoth Balthazar,  
“Aye, strange,” quoth Melchior.

Quoth Gaspar, “I can find no hasp;  
Well hidden is the lock”;  
“The door,” quoth Melchior, “is stout  
And fast, our skill to mock”;  
Quoth Balthazar, “The little King  
Might wake, we dare not knock.”

The three wise men they sat them down  
To wait for morning dawn,  
The cunning wards of that old door  
They thought and marvelled on;  
Quoth they, “No gate in all the East  
Hath bar-bolts tighter drawn.”

Anon there came a little lad  
With lambskins for the King,  
He had no key, he raised no latch,  
He touched no hidden spring,  
But gently pushed the silent door  
And open it gan swing.

“A miracle! a miracle!”  
Cried out the wise men three;  
“A little child hath solved the locks  
That could not opened be.”  
In wonder spake the shepherd lad,  
“It hath no locks,” quoth he.

*A Ballad of Wise Men*

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

*That in the ages to come he might show  
the exceeding riches of his grace.*

Where went the gifts the Magi bore  
To Bethlehem Village long of yore?  
As they rode all night through the haunting sands,  
There were whispering voices and touching hands:  
“Give us of that which your panniers hold!”  
Then they who rode to each other spoke:  
“They have followed us forth because of our gold—  
The eager clan of the Faery Folk!”

And the Magi answered those voices in air:  
“The gifts we carry we may not share.  
The myrrh and the gems and the gold from the mine—  
These are all for One—for a Child Divine.”  
Oh, then, how the silver laughters ran  
Till they made to quiver the Guiding Star:  
“We will visit, ourselves, this Child of Man,  
We will ask of Him when ye’re passed afar!

“All that He hath He will give away—  
In the hands of the world a treasure will lay,  
Treasure so vast, so more than gold,  
That the hands of the world will scarcely hold  
All that He hath for them in store:  
We have no souls, that treasure to share;  
He will give us the lesser—the glittering ore!”  
Laughed the Faery Folk, unseen in air.

Thus, with the touch of asking hands,  
The Magi rode through the haunted sands  
And silently followed their Guiding Star.  
They gave their gifts, and they passed afar.  
If any came after, there’s none to tell,  
And where went their gold is none to say.  
But this of a truth we know full well:  
“*All that He hath He will give away.*”

*The Magi and the Faery Folk*  
EDITH M. THOMAS

*And the power of the Most High  
shall overshadow thee.*

Methinks the Blessèd was content, her journey over-  
past,  
Amid the drowsy, wondering kine on lowly bed to lie:  
To dream in pensive thankfulness, and happy days  
forecast,  
While over her the Star of Hope waxed brighter in  
the sky.

And yet, methinks in Bethlehem her spirit had been  
    lone  
But for the tender new-born joy that in her arms she  
    bore,—  
Ay, even though with gifts of gold and many a precious  
    stone  
Great kings had knelt with shepherd folk about her  
    stable door.

But every mortal mother's heart knows its Gethsem-  
    ane—  
That lonelier spot whereto no star the light of hope  
    may bring—  
Yet even in the darkest hour, amidst her agony,  
Each still remembers Bethlehem, and hears the angels  
    sing.

*Mother Mary*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

*But there were standing by the cross  
of Jesus his mother and —.*

Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazar,  
    Great gifts they bore and meet;  
White linen for His body fair  
    And purple for His feet;  
And golden things—the joy of kings—  
    And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spake,  
"Oh, poor the gift I bring—  
A little cross of broken twigs,  
A hind's gift to a king—  
Yet, haply, He may smile to see  
And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her Son  
Full softly to her breast,  
"Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet  
And wonders king-possessed,  
O little Son, take Thou the one  
That pleasures Thee the best."

It was the Christ-Child in her arms  
Who turned from gaud and gold,  
Who turned from wondrous gifts and great,  
From purple woof and fold,  
And to His breast the cross He pressed  
That scarce His hands could hold.

'Twas king and shepherd went their way—  
Great wonder tore their bliss;  
'Twas Mary clasped her little Son  
Close, close to feel her kiss,  
*And in His hold the cross lay cold*  
*Between her heart and His!*

*The Ballad of the Cross*

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*And a sword shall pierce through thine own soul;  
that thoughts out of many hearts shall be revealed.*

Vines branching stilly  
Shade the open door,  
In the house of Zion's Lily  
Cleanly and poor.  
Oh, brighter than wild laurel  
The Babe bounds in her hand,  
The King, who for apparel  
Hath but a swaddling band,  
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His  
command!

Soon, mystic changes  
Part Him from her breast,  
Yet there awhile He ranges  
Gardens of rest:  
Yea, she the first to ponder  
Our ransom and recall,  
Awhile may rock Him under  
Her young curls' fall,  
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him  
Unto the deadly dream,  
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,  
The thief blaspheme,  
And scribe and soldier jostle  
About the shameful tree,

And even an Apostle  
Demand to touch and see?  
But she hath kissed her Flower where the Wounds  
are to be.

*Nativity Song*  
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

*Behold, this child is set  
for a sign.*

“Nay, but *He* is so helpless and so sweet,  
*Why*, it is nothing more than if I pressed  
An armful of white roses to my breast,  
That only stir above my own heart’s beat.  
*Why* should a dream I dreamed destroy my rest?”  
Yet even as she spake she felt the stir  
Of wings that in the garden passed by her.

“*He* is so small, so weak against my heart,  
A little wounded dove were strong as *He*.  
*He* hath no other need than need of me,  
Nor any life from my own life apart.  
*Why* should I dread an olden prophecy?”  
Yet even as she spake, she felt, like flame,  
The voice that in the garden said her name.

“As lesser mothers are, am I not blest?  
*He* is no other’s but mine own, mine own,  
No King, no Prophet, but my child alone,

*Asking no other kingdom than my breast.  
Let me be glad those foolish fears are done."  
Yet even as she spake He stirred in her embrace,  
Feeling her tears, her tears—upon His face.*

*The Tears of Mary*

THEODOSIA GARRISON

*Fear not, Mary: of his kingdom  
there shall be no end!*

O Mary, in thy clear young eyes  
What sorrow came at His first cry?  
What hint of how He was to die  
Disturbed thee in the calm sunrise . . .  
What shadow from the paling sky  
Did fall across thy Paradise?

Dream'st thou the Garden, and the Tree?  
Know they were for the little Child  
Whose lips against thy warm breast smiled?  
So sweet, that body close to thee,  
By men's rough hands to be defiled;  
So frail . . . yet waiting Calvary!

*Stanzas from "The Madonna of the Carpenter Shop"*  
(Dagnan-Bougeret)

RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING  
30

*Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same  
is my brother, and sister, and mother.*

Three women meet beneath the Tree of Knowledge in Paradise; one has given up her birthright of motherhood that she might give her life entirely to the work of healing; the second has found her children in her songs; the third has never been sought, and has had to content herself with caring for the neglected children of others.

And then, on still, unhaunting feet  
One came to them with greeting brief.  
Her smile so patient and so sweet  
Was sadder than a rain of grief,  
And as they looked into her eyes  
Such silence fell upon the three  
They heard the songs of Paradise  
Beneath the Knowledge Tree.  
“And I—” she said—“a child I bore—  
A child I could not understand.  
I watched Him wander more and more  
Beyond the limits of my land.  
His love was never less toward me,  
But He was All, and I but one.  
He passed unto Humanity,  
And was no more my son.”

*The Childless*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*And his father and mother were marveling  
at the things which were spoken concerning him.*

After the Wise Men went, and the strange star  
Had faded out, Joseph the father sat  
Watching the sleeping Mother and the Babe,  
And thinking stern, sweet thoughts the long night  
through.

“Ah, what am I, that God has chosen me  
To bear this blessed burden, to endure  
Daily the presence of this loveliness,  
To guide this Glory that shall guide the world?

“Brawny these arms to win Him bread, and broad  
This bosom to sustain Her. But my heart  
Quivers in lonely pain before that Beauty  
It loves—and serves—and cannot understand!”

*The Vigil of Joseph*  
ELSA BARKER

**II**

**THE YOUTH OF JESUS**



*He led them also by a straight way,  
that they might go to a city of habitation.*

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,  
Exiled from Heaven by love at Thy birth,  
Exiled again from Thy rest in the manger,—  
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth,—  
Cheer with Thy fellowship all who are weary,  
Wandering far from the land that they love;  
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary,  
Safe to its home in Thy presence above.

*The Flight into Egypt*

HENRY VAN DYKE

*And Joseph arose and took the young child  
and his mother and fled into Egypt.*

The mighty river flows as when Thine eyes  
Thy baby eyes, in wonder saw it flow.  
The Pyramids stand there; no one may know  
Their countless years, or ancient builders wise;  
Thy childish gaze was caught in glad surprise  
To see the haughty camels come and go;  
The ass thy mother rode still ambles slow;

Unmoved by centuries the country lies.  
Up from the calm, the peace, the mystic land,  
    Back to the scene of conflict and of strife,  
Thy parents journeyed at the Lord's command.  
A touch of glory rests upon the place  
    Which gave its shelter to Thine infant grace,  
And nourished Thee to be the Life of Life.

*Out of Egypt Have I Called My Son*

CAROLINE HAZARD

*And the grace of God was upon him.*

Could every time-worn heart but see Thee once again  
A happy human child, among the homes of men,  
The age of doubt would pass,—the vision of Thy face  
Would silently restore the childhood of the race.

*The Nativity*

HENRY VAN DYKE

*That it might be fulfilled which was spoken  
through the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.*

In Nazareth, upon its southern slope  
    Of springtime hillside, lying in the sun  
With fresh grass from the winter hardly won  
And blossoms that begin with joy to ope—

The lily of the field, in heliotrope  
And splendid crimson, such as Solomon  
In glory had not—the Angelic One  
Brought all to life, with those great words of hope.  
And from the crest of that fair mountain town  
Far to the north, the height the Prophet sings,  
The dome of dazzling snow, the country's crown,  
The splendid majesty of Hermon lies,  
The joy of His forefather David's eyes,  
White as the herald angel's radiant wings.

*Nazareth*

CAROLINE HAZARD

*And the life was the light of men.*

A woman sings across the wild  
A song of wonder sweet,  
And everywhere her little Child  
Follows her gliding feet.

He flutters like a petal white  
Along the roadway's rim;  
When He is tired, at latter-light,  
His mother carries Him.

Sometimes a little silver star  
Floats softly down the air,  
Past mountains where the pure snows are,  
And sits upon His hair.

Sometimes, when darkness is unfurled,  
Upon her breast He lies,  
And all the dreams of all the world  
Flock to His dreamy eyes.

*The Christ-Child*

AGNES LEE

*One of these little ones.*

And have you seen my little Son  
A-passing by to-day?  
A butterfly with golden wings  
Has lured Him far away.

Oh, you would know Him by His eyes;  
Twin pools of twilight sweet,  
Oh, you would know Him by His smile,  
And by His little feet.

And if you find Him, give Him drink,  
And give Him of your bread,  
And mother Him upon your breast,  
And stroke His weary head;

And should a thorn have bruised His hand,  
I beg you, wash the stain;  
And oh, pray lead Him to my hearth,  
And to my arms again.

For I would place Him in my bed,  
And close His tender eyes,  
And lay my heart anear His heart,  
And dream of Paradise.

*Mary's Quest*

SCHARMEL IRIS

*And he took them in his arms and blessed them.*

Where has He gone, our Playmate?  
We've sought Him high and low  
Where gray-green olives ripen,  
Where haycocks stand a-row. . . .

We saw Him passing down the street  
An hour or so ago!

Where has He gone, our Comrade  
Who took us by the hand  
And taught us to build houses  
With little heaps of sand?

He has gone forth to sojourn  
In a far foreign land!

Nay, but He would not leave us  
Who took us on His knee,

And set our fancies sailing  
Like ships upon the sea. . . .

We think that He will never come  
Again to Galilee!

*The Playmate*

HARRY KEMP

*And his name shall be called Counsellor.*

A little Child, a Joy-of-heart, with eyes  
Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,  
His daily speech so innocently wise  
That all the town went telling: "Jesus saith."

*At Nazareth*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,  
so Jehovah is round about his people!*

I stood by the Holy City  
Without the Damascus Gate,  
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,  
And the day was wearing late,  
And swept its wide horizon  
With reverent lingering gaze  
From the rolling uplands of the west  
That slope a hundred ways,

To Olivet's gray terraces  
By Kedron's bed that rise,  
Upon whose crest the Crucified  
Was lost to mortal eyes;  
And, far beyond, to the tawny line  
Where the sun seemed still to fall—  
So bright the hue against the blue,  
Of Moab's mountain wall;  
And north to the hills of Benjamin,  
Whose springs are flowing yet,  
Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,  
Its dome above them set;  
And the beautiful words of the Psalmist  
Had meaning before unknown:  
*As the mountains are round Jerusalem  
The Lord is round His own.*

*At Jerusalem*  
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

*They found him in the temple,  
sitting in the midst of the teachers,  
asking them questions.*

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise  
And asks questions of the old men, questions  
Found under running water for all children,  
And found under shadows thrown on still waters  
By tall trees looking downwards, old and gnarled,  
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,

Singing a low song in the loneliness.  
And the young child, Christ, goes asking  
And the old men answer nothing and only know love  
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

*Child*

CARL SANDBURG

*Knew ye not that I must be  
in my Father's house?*

What is it forces men to overrun  
Their safe and common paths, to meet the frown  
Of those they reverence, jeered by every clown,  
Knowing no rest till some strange task is done,  
Some luring secret from the darkness won?  
What is it makes life, love, and fair renown  
As naught—its far-off prize the martyr's crown?  
'Tis God's great business, claiming thus His son.

So was it with the Boy Divine. Apart  
From those calm travellers on their homeward way,  
He needs must utter from His questioning heart  
The burden that already on it lay;  
And she who gently drew Him from the spot  
Trembled, methinks, at that presaging "Wist ye not?"

*My Father's Business*

SARAH J. DAY

*So many kinds of voices in the world . . .  
Christ reconciling the world unto himself.*

*Little town of Nazareth  
On the hillsides Galilean,  
Oh, your name is like a pæan  
Rising over dole and death!*

I can see your domes and towers  
Dazzle underneath the noon,  
And your drowsy poppy-flowers  
In the breezes sway and swoon.

I can see your olives quiver  
With their opalescent sheen,  
Like the ripples of a river  
Gliding grassy banks between.

I can see your graceful daughters  
Poise their slim-necked drinking-jars,  
With their hair like twilight waters,  
And their eyes like Syrian stars.

I can see your narrow byways  
Where the folk go sandal-shod,—  
All your dim bazaars and highways,  
Every path that once He trod.

And I know that waking, sleeping,  
Until time has ceased to be,  
You will hold fast in your keeping  
His beloved memory!

*Little town of Nazareth  
On the hillsides Galilean,  
Oh, your name is like a paean  
Rising over dole and death!*

*Easter at Nazareth*  
**CLINTON SCOLLARD**

*And he was subject unto them.*

So sweetly through that humble home  
The rippling laughter went  
That Mary felt the world's blue dome  
Too small for her content.

And careful Joseph, while he held  
The boy in grave caress,  
Wist not what tender thrill dispelled  
His workday weariness.

The crown set softly, only rings  
Of baby hair agleam  
With lustres dropt from angels' wings  
And starlight down a dream.

The thorn-tree was a seedling still,  
'And with laughter's frolic chime  
The Christ-child did his father's will,  
As when, of elder time,

A ruddy lad in Bethlehem  
Was keeping sheep and played  
Blithe music on his harp to them  
Before the psalms were made.

*Murillo's "Holy Family of the Little Bird"*  
KATHARINE LEE BATES

*And Jesus advanced  
in wisdom and stature.*

I know, Lord, Thou hast sent Him—  
Thou art so good to me!—  
But Thou hast only lent Him,  
His heart's for Thee!—

I dared—Thy poor handmaiden—  
Not ask a prophet-child:  
Only a boy-babe laden  
For earth—and mild.

But this one Thou hast given  
Seems not for earth—or me!  
His lips flame truth from heaven,  
And vanity

Seem all my thoughts and prayers  
When He but speaks Thy law;  
Out of my heart the tares  
Are torn by awe!

I cannot look upon Him,  
So strangely burn His eyes—  
Hath not some grieving drawn Him  
From Paradise?

For Thee, for Thee I'd live, Lord!  
Yet oft I almost fall  
Before Him—Oh, forgive, Lord,  
My sinful thrall!

But e'en when He was nursing,  
A baby at my breast,  
It seemed He was dispersing  
The world's unrest.

Thou badst me call Him "Jesus,"  
And from our heavy sin  
I know He shall release us,  
From Sheol win.

But, Lord, forgive! the yearning  
That He may sometimes be  
Like other children, learning  
Beside my knee,

Or playing, prattling, seeking  
For help—comes to my heart . . .  
Oh sinful, Lord, I'm speaking—  
How good Thou art!

*Mary at Nazareth*  
CALE YOUNG RICE

*And the government shall be  
upon his shoulder.*

When, for the last time from His mother's home  
The Son went forth, foreseeing perfectly  
What doom would happen, and what things would  
come,

Was there upon His lips no stifled sigh  
For happy hours that should return no more,  
Long days among the lilies, pure delights  
Of wanderings by Galilee's fair shore,  
And converse with His friends on starry nights?

Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun  
With this one word, "Father, Thy will be  
done!"

With a low voice the stooping olive trees  
Whispered to Him of His Gethsemane;  
The cruel thorn-bush, clinging to His knees,  
Proclaimed, "I shall be made a crown for Thee!"  
And, looking back, His eyes made dim with loss,  
He saw the lintel of the cottage grow  
In shape against the sunset, like a cross,  
And knew He had not very far to go.

Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun,  
Still saying this one word, "Thy will be done!"

So, when the last time, from His mother's home  
The Son passed out, no choir of angels came,  
As long before at Bethlehem they had come,  
To comfort Him upon the road of shame.

Alone He went, and stopped a little space,  
As one o'erburdened, stopped to look again  
Upon His mother's pleading form and face,  
And wept for her, that she should know this pain.  
Then, silently, He faced the setting sun,  
And said, "Oh, Father, let Thy will be done!"

*Mother and Son*

W. J. DAWSON

*For even his brethren  
did not believe on him.*

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day  
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;  
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy  
clod,  
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a  
lark, with God.  
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,  
And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his  
brother, could.  
"Why stays he not in the workshop?" he often used  
to complain,  
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their  
stain?  
Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's  
trade,  
While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain  
to be made?"

Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and rule,  
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave or a fool,—  
For he never walked with the prophets in God's great garden of bliss—  
And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks, was this  
To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him day by day,  
But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

*Joses, the Brother of Jesus*

HARRY KEMP

*Is not this the carpenter's son?*

I wish I had been His apprentice, to see Him each morning at seven,  
As He tossed His gray tunic far from Him, the Master of earth and of heaven.  
When He lifted the lid of His work chest and opened His carpenter's kit  
And looked at His chisels and augers, and took the bright tools out of it  
While He gazed at the rising sun tinting the dew on the opening flowers  
And smiled as He thought of His Father, whose love floods this planet of ours,

When He fastened His apron about Him, and put on  
His working-man's cap,  
And grasped the smooth hasp of the hammer, to give  
the bent woodwork a tap,  
Saying, "Lad, let me finish this ox yoke. The farmer  
must put in his crop."  
O, I wish I had been His apprentice and worked in  
the Nazareth shop!

Some wish they had been on Mount Tabor, to hearken  
unto His high speech  
When the quick and the dead were beside Him, He  
holding communion with each.  
Some wish they had heard the soft accents that stilled  
the wee children's alarms,  
When He won the sweet babes from their mothers and  
folded them fast in His arms.  
Some wish they had stood by the Jordan when holy  
John greeted Him there  
And seen the white dove of the Spirit fly down o'er  
the path of His prayer.  
Some wish they had seen the Redeemer when into the  
basin He poured  
The water, and, girt with a towel, the servant of all  
was the Lord.  
But for me, if I had the choosing, O this would them  
all overtop,  
To work all day steady beside Him, of old in the  
Nazareth shop.

These heavenly wonders would fright me, I cannot approach to them yet.  
But, O, to have seen Him, when toiling, His forehead all jeweled with sweat,  
To hear Him say softly, "My helper, now bring me the level and rule."  
To hear Him bend over and teach me the use of the artisan's tool.  
To hear Him say, "This is a sheep gate, to keep in the wandering flock,"  
Or, "This is stout oaken house sill. I hope it will rest on a rock."  
And sometimes His mother might bring us our meal in the midsummer heat,  
Outspread it so simply before us, and bid us sit down and eat.  
Then with both of us silent before Him, the blessed Messiah would stop  
To say grace, and a tremulous glory would fill the Nazareth shop.

*The Nazareth Shop*  
ROBERT MCINTYRE

*The measure of the stature  
of the fullness of Christ!*

And yet the daily task is sacred too,  
And he who serves the Highest will not spurn  
The humbler service, nor unloving turn  
From claims of human kinship. No less true

A mastery of our wills is that which through  
Apprenticeship to other wills we learn,  
Not servile, yet submissive to discern  
God's bidding when a lowlier bids to do.

So through those silent unrecorded years  
The matchless life grew slowly into power,  
Brooding its mystery of hopes and fears  
And moving ever forward toward the hour  
When He who first had served at Nazareth  
Life's Lord became, obedient unto Death.

*Was Subject Unto Them*  
SARAH J. DAY

*A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,  
handling aright the word of truth.*

The altar flame was white, the flowers red,  
Through the hushed chancel, from the altar side,  
Came the priest's prayer before the Living Bread,  
He prayed, "O Victim, opening wide—"

Rough scaffolding outside a shadow threw  
On the tall window, veiled to hide the sun,  
Crossbeams and bars, a tracery that grew  
To a mute symbol of the day begun.

For, climbing, pausing, noiseless as a thought,  
Black on the amber curtain's narrow span,  
Among the bars and beams his hands had wrought,  
There rose and crossed the shadow of a man.

**A** man—a carpenter. What breath of awe  
Swept cold across our prayer-wrapt ecstasy,  
In place of lights and kneeling priest, we saw  
A workman's home in far-off Galilee.

Thy Church, Thy brother workman!—This we know—  
(Help us, O Christ, the gulf is deep and wide!)  
We kneel in peace where the tall candles glow,  
Thy brother workmen face the world—outside.

*The Shadow*

ELIZABETH CARTER

*Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?  
Philip saith unto him, Come and see.*

Nazareth town in Galilee!  
Set where the paths lead up from the sea  
That like the chords of a mighty lyre  
Dirges over the rocks of Tyre,  
Mourns where the piers of Sidon shone,  
And the battlements of Ascalon.  
They have waned as the sunset wanes;  
Little more than a name remains;  
But more than a name we hold it,—we,—  
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!  
Ah, what a golden harmony  
The dawn seems, flooding its bright white walls!  
And, when the violet twilight falls,

What vast processional of stars  
Pageants over its stilled bazaars!  
And when the full moon touches the height  
Of Tabor, a torch of brilliant light,  
Never was sight more fair to see;—  
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!  
Strumming a desert melody,  
The Bedouin minstrel trolls in the street;  
At the Well of the Virgin the maidens meet;  
The cactus-hedges crimson to flower,  
The olives silver hour by hour  
As through their branches the south wind steals;  
A clear bell peals, and a vulture wheels  
Over the crest where the wild crags be;—  
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!  
At the sound of the words how memory  
Kindles as earth does under the spring,  
Till the dead days rise for our visioning;  
And out of them one compassionate face  
Beams with a more than mortal grace;  
Out of them one inspiring voice  
Cries in the ears of the world, “Rejoice!”  
And ever a beacon of hope shall be  
Nazareth town in Galilee!

*Nazareth Town*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

*And his mother kept all these sayings  
in her heart.*

Mary sat in the corner dreaming,  
Dim was the room and low,  
While in the dusk the saw went screaming  
To and fro.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,  
Mary was watching them,  
Thinking of Kings in the wintry weather  
At Bethlehem.

Mary sat in the corner thinking,  
Jesus had grown a man;  
One by one her hopes were sinking  
As the years ran.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,  
Mary's thoughts were far—  
Angels sang in the wintry weather  
Under a star.

Mary sat in the corner weeping,  
Bitter and hot her tears—  
Little faith were the angels keeping  
All the years.

*In the Carpenter's Shop*

SARA TEASDALE

*He was in the world,  
and the world knew him not . . .*

The summer dawn came over-soon,  
The earth was like hot iron at noon  
    In Nazareth;  
There fell no rain to ease the heat,  
And dusk drew on with tired feet  
    And stifled breath.

The shop was low and hot and square,  
And fresh-cut wood made sharp the air,  
    While all day long  
The saw went tearing through the oak  
That moaned as tho' the tree's heart broke  
    Beneath its wrong.

The narrow street was full of cries,  
Of bickering and snarling lies  
    In many keys—  
The tongues of Egypt and of Rome  
And lands beyond the shifting foam  
    Of windy seas.

Sometimes a ruler riding fast  
Scattered the dark crowds as he passed,  
    And drove them close  
In doorways, drawing broken breath  
Lest they be trampled to their death  
    Where the dust rose.

There in the gathering night and noise  
A group of Galilean boys  
    Crowding to see  
Gray Joseph toiling with his son,  
Saw Jesus, when the task was done,  
    Turn wearily.

He passed them by with hurried tread  
Silently, nor raised his head,  
    He who looked up  
Drinking all beauty from his birth  
Out of the heaven and the earth  
    As from a cup.

And Mary, who was growing old,  
Knew that the pottage would be cold  
    When he returned;  
He hungered only for the night,  
And westward, bending sharp and bright,  
    The thin moon burned.

He reached the open western gate  
Where whining halt and leper wait,  
    And came at last  
To the blue desert, where the deep  
Great seas of twilight lay asleep,  
    Windless and vast.

With shining eyes the stars awoke,  
The dew lay heavy on his cloak,

The world was dim;  
And in the stillness he could hear  
His secret thoughts draw very near  
And call to him.

Faint voices lifted shrill with pain  
And multitudinous as rain;  
From all the lands  
And all the villages thereof  
Men crying for the gift of love  
With outstretched hands.

Voices that called with ceaseless crying  
The broken and the blind, the dying,  
And those grown dumb  
Beneath oppression, and he heard  
Upon their lips the single word,  
“Come!”

Their cries engulfed him like the night,  
The moon put out her placid light  
And black and low  
Nearer the heavy thunder drew,  
Hushing the voices . . . yet he knew  
That he would go.

• • • • •

A quick-spun thread of lightning burns,  
And for a flash the day returns—

He only hears  
Joseph, an old man bent and white,  
Toiling along from morn till night  
Through all the years.

Swift clouds make all the heavens blind,  
A storm is running on the wind—  
He only sees  
How Mary will stretch out her hands  
Sobbing, who never understands  
Voices like these.

*The Carpenter's Son*

SARA TEASDALE



III

**THE MINISTRY OF  
JESUS**



*Thou art my beloved Son:  
in thee I am well pleased.*

Erect in youthful grace and radiant  
With spirit forces, all imparadised  
In a divine compassion, down the slant  
Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ.

*By the Sea of Galilee*  
KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Lo, the world is gone after him!*

At last the very land whose breath he breathed,  
The very hills his bruised feet did climb!  
This is his Olivet; on this Mount he stood,  
As I do now, and with this same surprise  
Straight down into the startling blue he gazed  
Of the fair, turquoise mid-sea of the plain.  
That long, straight, misty, dream-like, violet wall  
Of Moab—lo, how close it looms! The same  
Quick human wonder struck his holy vision.  
About these feet the flowers he knew so well.  
Back where the city's shadow slowly climbs  
There is a wood of Olives gaunt and gray  
And centuries old; it holds the name it bore  
That night of agony and bloody sweat.

I tell you when I looked upon these fields  
And stony valleys,—through the purple veil  
Of twilight, or what time the Orient sun  
Made shining jewels of the barren rocks,—  
Something within me trembled; for I said:  
This picture once was mirrored in his eyes;  
This sky, that lake, those hills, this loveliness,  
To him familiar were; this is the way  
To Bethany; the red anemones  
Along yon wandering path mark the steep road  
To green-embowered Jordan. All is his:  
These leprous outcasts pleading piteously;  
This troubled country,—troubled then as now,  
And wild and bloody,—this is his own land.  
On such a day, girdled by these same hills,  
Prest by his dark-browed, sullen, Orient crowd,  
On yonder mount, spotted with crimson blooms,  
He closed his eyes, in that dark tragedy  
Which mortal spirit never dared to sound.  
O God! I saw those eyes in every throng.

Part of a poem entitled, *In Palestine*  
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*Toward the sea, beyond the Jordan,  
Galilee of the Gentiles.*

Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the Syrian  
star,  
Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake Gennesar;

Girdled by mountains that range purple and proud  
to their crests,  
Bearing the burden of dreams,—glamour of eld,—on  
their breasts.

Just one white glint of a sail dotting the brooding  
expanse;  
Beaches that sparkle and gleam, ripples that darkle  
and dance;

Grandeur and beauty and peace welded year-long into  
one,  
Under the Syrian star, under the Syrian sun!

And over all and through all memories sweet of His  
name,  
Kindling the past with their light, touching the future  
with flame!

*Gennesar*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

*And straightway the Spirit  
driveh him forth into the wilderness.*

Up from the Jordan straight His way He took  
To that lone wilderness, where rocks are hurled,  
And strewn, and piled,—as if the ancient world  
In strong convulsions seethed and writhed and shook,

Which heaved the valleys up, and sunk each brook,  
And flung the molten rock like ribbons curled  
In mists of gray around the mountains whirled:—  
A grim land, of a fierce, forbidding look.  
The wild beasts haunt its barren stony heights,  
And wilder visions came to tempt Him there;  
For forty days and forty weary nights,  
Alone He faced His mortal self and sin,  
Chaos without, and chaos reigned within,  
Subdued and conquered by the might of prayer.

*The Wilderness*

CAROLINE HAZARD

*And Jesus went about in all Galilee,  
preaching the gospel of the kingdom.*

Should not the glowing lilies of the field  
With keener splendor mark His footprints yet  
—Prints of the gentle feet whose passing healed  
All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?

*In His Steps*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*The multitude welcomed him,  
for they were all waiting for him.*

Where the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,  
Watching my Lord's manger knelt the waking cattle all;  
'Twas a little country maid vigil by Him kept—  
All among the country things my good Lord slept.

Fair was Rome the city on that early Christmas morn,  
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born!

Country-lads that followed Him, blithe they were and  
kind,

It was only city folk were hard to Him and blind:  
Ay, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew,  
Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew,  
By the hedgerows' flowering there He laid His head—  
It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous  
road,

'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load;  
Peasant-girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth  
These were fain to follow him down the ways of death—  
Yea, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky,  
Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to Heaven on that white Ascension day  
Last from open country did my good Lord pass away;  
Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should  
dwell,

Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell:  
Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass,  
Up from open country did my good Lord pass.

Where the jewelled minsters are, where the censers  
sway,

There they kneel to Christ the Lord on this His bearing-  
day:

But I shall stay to greet Him where the bonny fields  
begin,  
Like the fields that once my good Lord wandered in,  
Where His thorn-tree flowered once, where His spar-  
rows soared,  
In the open country of my good Lord!

*A Country Carol*

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*What think ye of the Christ?*

Comes any good from Nazareth?  
The scornful challenge as of old  
Is flung on many a jeering breath  
From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

Comes any good from Nazareth?  
Behold, the mighty Nazarene,  
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,  
Through warring ages walks serene.

One touch upon his garment's fringe  
Still heals the hurt of bitter years.  
Before Him yet the demons cringe,  
He gives the wine of joy for tears.

O city of the Carpenter,  
Upon the hill slope old and gray,  
The world amid its pain and stir  
Turns yearning eyes on thee to-day.

For He who dwelt in Nazareth,  
And wrought with toil of hand and brain,  
Alone gives victory to faith  
Until the day He come again.

*From Nazareth*  
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

*He opened his mouth and  
taught them, saying—*

An upland plain, with sandy soil and bare;  
Tall tufts of grass start from the barren ground  
And branching bushes; scattered all around  
Are jagged rocks to form a shelter where  
The foxes still have holes and make their lair;  
While birds of prey up in the still profound  
Of lambent sky are circling o'er the mound  
Twin-crested, basking in the spring-time air.  
It was upon that sun-crowned little hill  
Beneath the Syrian sky the Master spoke  
Such blessed words that they are living still;  
“I have compassion on the multitude;”  
And while He blessed and gave them mortal food  
The everlasting bread for them He broke.

*The Mount of Beatitudes*  
CAROLINE HAZARD

*And he spoke also this parable unto certain  
who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.*

Two men went up into God's place to pray,  
The one a Pharisee. He stood apart.  
Evening in flight had dropped immortal flowers  
Of sunset bloom. The quiet city lay  
Like a pale gem beneath a night of stars,  
And no sound rose.

Besought the Pharisee,  
Beating his head upon the marble wall,  
"God, God, I thank Thee for this bitterness;  
I thank Thee that, in anguish, I am lift  
Above my fellows, that Thou choosest me  
For throes that rend no other, that Thou givest  
An awful and peculiar agony  
Such as *One* only bore. I thank Thee, God!"  
Then as he prayed, he listened to the sobs  
Heaving up from his soul, counted the tears  
That burned upon his face, and held his woe  
Supreme!

The other knelt, a Publican,  
In sober dress and common attitude.  
He prayed, "Ah, stern Jehovah, Thou dost take  
My self-belief, my courage and my joy,  
Even mine inmost treasure, secret love!  
I bow to Thy decree. Mayhap Thy sword  
Smites with like heaviness this desolate man  
Beside me. We are brothers in despair.  
Am I then isolate before Thy wrath?

Am I then all alone in agony?  
Behold, Thy pitiless, ironic word  
Brands us alike, the mighty Pharisee  
And the poor blinded, weeping Publican!"

*The Pharisee*  
DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

*But while he was yet afar off,  
his father saw him, and was moved with compassion.*

Here feast I at my Father's board,  
Who starved among the swine;  
For me must every foot be fleet  
And every lamp must shine;  
For me the merry music sounds,  
The dancers dip and twine.

My heart beats fast against my robe,  
The best robe, soft and red;  
With sobbing breath and tightening throat  
And tears in rapture shed,  
I feel His ring upon my hand,  
His blessings on my head.

Ah, bitter was the way, and oft  
My blood my path would trace;  
And guilt and grief and stabbing shame  
With all my steps kept pace;  
And yet I famished not for bread ✓  
So sore as for His face.

The road seemed endless. On I fared,  
Wresting each mile from death;  
Then such an awe upon me fell  
I scarce could draw my breath;  
My spirit felt His coming as  
Of one that succoreth.

Blind, fainting, to His mighty breast  
He caught and held me fast;  
I knew the fortress of His arms  
About my weakness cast;  
And, when He kissed my traitor cheek,  
I guessed His heart at last.

The piteous words I oft had conned  
I trembling strove to say;  
But sudden glory round me poured  
A brighter, richer day.  
In wonderment I lifted up  
My head that drooping lay.

The glory streamed from out His eyes,  
As from all Beauty's throne.  
O depths of love unthinkable  
That in that splendor shone!  
O pain of love that travaileth  
And bleedeth for its own!

O gleam of wisdom hoar with eld  
Ere sang the stars of morn!

O shifting, blending, dazzling lights,  
That thrilled my hope forlorn  
To undreamed miracles of joy  
And surge of life reborn!

• • • • •

He brought me home, and here I sit,  
Even in my boyhood's place;  
And on my very soul is stamped  
Each largess of His grace;  
But still transfiguring all I see  
That radiance of His face!

*The Prodigal Son*  
MARION PELTON GUILD

*Now there was a man of the Pharisees  
named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:  
the same came to Jesus by night.*

And Nicodemus came by night  
When none might hear or see—  
He came by night to shun men's sight  
And away by night slunk he.

He dared not come by light of day  
To move where sinners trod:  
He must hold apart from the common heart,  
For he was a Man of God.

But the honest Christ, He walked with men  
Nor held his ways apart—  
With publicans talked, with harlots walked,  
And loved them all in his heart. . . .

Came Nicodemus to Christ by night;  
And long they reasoned, alone,  
Till the Old Man saw the sham of the Law  
That turned his being to stone:

He tore the formal husks from his life,  
He was born again, though gray.  
And, erect with the youth of a Living Truth,  
He dared the world by day!

*Nicodemus*  
HARRY KEMP

*For Mary hath chosen the good part,  
which shall not be taken away from her.*

Now the Martha of her stiffened to her load,  
Down-weighing, of relentless daily care.  
Now she straightened upright, would not bend nor  
break,  
But held herself all iron standing there.

When the Mary of her called unto her soul,  
And made a moan, and cried to it in vain:  
“Oh, this woman—look! She fretteth overmuch  
And leaves no space for me; Lord, I complain.”

But the Martha of her listened with the sigh  
Of those too weary or too strong to rest:  
"Tell who taketh, then, this burden if I cease,  
And empty both my hands upon my breast."

Oh, a soul divided is a soul forspent,  
She went still asking: "Is it I? Or I?"  
Low forever through the silence Mary spoke,  
And Martha, sad and sure, did make reply.

Till the irony and harmony of death  
Made out of these a concord high and sweet.  
When the Martha of the woman, toiling, passed,  
Estranged from ease, she sought her Master's feet.

"Now my turn has come, my turn at last," she cried,  
"My time to worship, listening to Thy word."  
Ah, but calm beyond her, fair above her still,  
The Mary of her knelt before the Lord.

*The Twain of Her*  
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

*Foxes have holes and birds have nests,  
but the Son of Man hath not where to  
lay his head.*

No longer of Him be it said,  
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp  
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place  
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail  
The Splendor shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,  
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me  
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin  
The King of Glory enters in.

*Citizen of the World*  
JOYCE KILMER

*And lifting up their eyes,  
they saw no one, save Jesus only.*

If Death should visit me to-night  
And bid me forth unto the skies  
I pray Thee, Christ, to let me see  
No jasper paradise.

But Thee, in fields of asphodel,  
Familiar as my earth-eyes knew,  
With face uplift and radiant,  
The Christ that Raphael drew.

*The Christ of Raphael's Transfiguration*

MARY BOWEN BRAINERD  
76

*Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find Me;  
cleave the wood, and there am I. Legion V.*

Hear the word that Jesus spake  
Eighteen centuries ago,  
Where the crimson lilies blow  
Round the blue Tiberian lake:  
There the bread of life he brake,  
Through the fields of harvest walking  
With His lowly comrades, talking  
Of the secret thoughts that feed  
Weary hearts in time of need.

Art thou hungry? Come and take;  
Hear the word that Jesus spake:

'Tis the sacrament of labour; meat and drink divinely  
blest;  
Friendship's food, and sweet refreshment; strength  
and courage, joy and rest.

Yet this word the Master said,  
Long ago and far away,  
Silent and forgotten lay  
Buried with the silent dead,—  
Where the sands of Egypt spread,  
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping  
Over ancient cities sleeping;  
While the River Nile between  
Rolls its summer flood of green,  
Rolls its autumn flood of red,—  
There the word the Master said

Written on a frail papyrus, scorched by fire, wrinkled,  
torn,  
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection  
morn.

Hear the Master's risen word!  
Delving spades have set it free,—  
Wake! the world has need of thee,—  
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,  
Like a fountain disinterred,  
Upward springing, singing, sparkling;  
Through the doubtful shadows darkling;  
Till the clouds of pain and rage  
Brooding o'er the toiling age,  
As with rifts of light are stirred  
By the music of the word;  
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the labourer's  
cry;  
“Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the  
wood, and there am I.”

*A Lost Word of Jesus*

HENRY VAN DYKE

*Come unto Me and I will give you rest.*

We labor and are heavy-laden. Where  
Shall we find rest unto our souls? We bleed  
On thorn and flint, and rove in pilgrim weed  
From shrine to shrine, but comfort is not there.

What went we out into thy desert bare,  
O Human Life, to see? Thy greenest reed  
Is Love, unmighty for our utmost need,  
And shaken with the wind of our despair.  
A voice from Heaven like dew on Hermon falleth,  
That voice whose passion paled the olive leaf  
In thy dusky aisles, Gethsemane, thou blest  
Of gardens. 'Tis the Man of Sorrows calleth,  
The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief:  
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

*Come Unto Me*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*For power came from him,  
and healed them all.*

"Some one has touched me,—touched my garment  
hem;  
For I perceive that power hath issued hence."  
There stayed the Christ midway, and journeyed  
thence  
To her just dropped from Jairus' diadem,—  
A virgin shining pure, worth living, gem  
Of Israel. Can Jesus recompense?  
He may? Who stopped him? Dared such give  
offense?  
'Twas one impure,—and cured! He answers them:  
"Power hath gone out from me." O, thus began,  
And thus continued, His atonement true.

Drop after drop, His anguished heart gave man  
The life that saves, till death o'er-anxious grew  
To meet Him face to face, with hell's dire clan.  
Then Christ gave all, and sin and death o'erthrew.

*The Cost of Saving*

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

*Consider the lilies  
of the field!*

Thy loveliness is meek and free  
From arrogance, and yet I find  
A certain stately pride in thee  
That wakens reverie in my mind

And well I ween why it is so!—  
A lily once the Master took  
His lesson from, then let it go,  
But first He blessed it with a look.

Ah! who can doubt the flower was thrilled  
With tremblings strange and raised its head  
With joy, its lovesome body filled  
With sense of what the Master said?

And lilies since, forevermore,  
Do hold them high, do bear them well,  
Do raise their cups more proudly, for  
The lily of the parable.

*The Lily*

RICHARD BURTON

*Come ye apart into a desert place  
and rest a while.*

A pale light streaming through the rainy sky  
Like peace through sorrow, comforting the eye  
On our Palm Sunday, wayworn pilgrims three,  
Beside the lonely lake of Galilee

—Most blest of lakes, whose hush remembers yet  
Those multitudes on broad Gennesaret,  
The reaching arms, the cries that still pursued,  
As Jesus sought the mid-sea solitude.

How oft Mount Hermon, in the sunset glow,  
Would cleave its clouds, exceeding white as snow,  
An alabaster altar crowned with fire,  
To worship Him, the blind world's long Desire,  
The Christ, a guest in some rude fishing-boat,  
Wrapt in His seamless Galilean coat,  
Forspent with healing, drawing heavy breath,  
The Lord of Life Who went the way of death.

And He, on whom our mortal weakness weighed,  
—Even on Him, Whom winds and waves obeyed,—  
Would peradventure watch, too tired for prayer,  
That sudden splendor melt in purple air,  
As dusk drew over and the stars shone out,  
Until the murmurous ripples, that about  
The rocking keel intoned their timid psalms,  
Were to His slumber like the sound of palms.

If then stepped soft the sons of Zebedee  
To ease the drooping head on patient knee

Or coil of net for pillow, surely they  
Marvelled above the Dreamer, for He lay  
With tender triumph on the wistful face,  
As of one welcomed by the waving grace  
Of fair green branches, while their hearts in them  
Burned with impatience for Jerusalem.

*Palm Sunday in Galilee*  
KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Why are ye fearful ?  
Have ye not yet faith ?*

What shall we do when the great tides knock  
And remorseless enter though walls be rock?  
When the strong waves dash and the surges roll  
And Creation's forces o'erwhelm the soul?  
Christ! oh Christ! once again say "Peace!"  
Yet once again bid the tempest cease!

What shall we do when the tides go back,  
When the dull sky hangs over weed and wrack,  
When there's nothing left for the dreary strand  
But a foam-spread waste and a sea-wet sand?  
Once again, oh Christ! build Thy little fire;  
Feed and comfort us, Heart's Desire!

*Consolator*  
MARIA ELMENDORF LILLIE  
82

*Put out into the deep  
and let down your nets for a draught.*

Yea, we have toiled all night. All night  
We kept the boats, we cast the nets.  
Nothing avails: the tides withhold,  
The Sea hears not, and God forgets.

Long ere the sunset, we took leave  
Of them at home whom want doth keep;  
Now bitterness be all their bread  
And tears their drink, and death their sleep!

The gaunt moon stayed to look on us  
And marvel we abode so still.  
Again we cast, again we drew  
The nets that naught but hope did fill.

And while the grasp of near Despair  
Did threaten nearer with the day,  
Leagues out, the bounteous silver-sides  
Leaped through the sheltering waves, at play!

So, stricken with the cold that smites  
Death to a dying heart at morn,  
We waited, thralls to hunger, such  
As the strong stars may laugh to scorn.

And while we strove, leagues out, afar,  
Returning tides,—with mighty hands  
Full of the silver!—passed us by  
To cast it upon alien lands.

Against the surge of hope we stood  
And the waves laughed with victory;  
Yet at our heart-strings, with the nets,  
Tugged the false promise of the sea.

So all the night-time we kept watch;  
And when the years of night were done,  
Aflame with hunger, stared on us  
The fixed red eye of yonder sun.

Thou Wanderer from land to land,  
Say who Thou art that bids us strive  
Once more against the eternal Sea  
That loves to take strong men alive.

Lo, we stood fast, and we endure:  
But trust not Thou the Sea we know,  
Mighty of bounty and of hate,  
Slayer and friend, with ebb and flow.

Thou hast not measured strength as we  
Sea-faring men that toil. And yet—  
Once more, once more—at Thy strange word,  
Master, we will let down the net!

*The Fishers*  
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

*And he came forth and saw a great multitude,  
and he had compassion on them.*

When the golden evening gathered on the shore of Galilee,  
When the fishing boats lay quiet by the sea,  
Long ago the people wondered, tho' no sign was in  
the sky,  
For the glory of the Lord was passing by.

[Not in robes of purple splendor, not in silken softness  
shod,  
But in raiment worn with travel came their God,  
And the people knew His presence by the heart that  
ceased to sigh  
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

For He healed their sick at even, and He cured the  
leper's sore,  
And sinful men and women sinned no more,  
And the world grew mirthful-hearted, and forgot its  
misery  
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

Not in robes of purple splendor, but in lives that do  
His will,  
In patient acts of kindness He comes still;  
And the people cry with wonder, tho' no sign is in  
the sky,  
That the glory of the Lord is passing by.

*How He Came*  
W. J. DAWSON

*To-day is salvation come to this house.  
For the Son of man came to seek and to save  
that which was lost.*

This plain made bright with streaks of crimson clay  
And sprinkled o'er with grains of golden sand—  
The vestige of a long-forgotten strand—  
Once saw the host of Israel as it lay  
With pikes and trumpets in war's fierce array.  
Now in the grass the solemn wild storks stand,  
A pensive silence broods upon the land,  
Unbroken by the shout which won that day.

Zaccheus lived here, who desired to see  
When Christ came down the Jordan wilderness;  
And one born blind cried out exceedingly.  
**I** too am blind, my Lord; oh, give me sight!  
I llume my mind, Thou very Light of Light!  
I cannot let Thee go until Thou bless.

*Jericho*

CAROLINE HAZARD

*He told me all things that ever I did.*

Too well I know what the voices mean—  
The tale of the mart, the cry of the street,  
The whispered word and the grin unclean  
That follow my weary-moving feet—

I am what they will not forget  
Who kept their girlhood clean and free—  
A woman of the street, and yet,  
The Christ's own hand fell soft on me.

Bitter it is to feel and know  
I love the life I now must lead—  
The thrilling glare, the flaunting show,  
The painted craft, the shallow greed:  
Yes, I could find it in my power  
To laugh and burn my life away,  
But that there comes a little hour  
Between the fevered night and day,

In the chill dawn, perhaps, or blown  
Down the still pave, when one by one  
The beacon street-lamps wink alone,  
The day's work ended, mine begun—  
Then like a knell of death I hear  
“Thou art forgiv'n: go, sin no more!”  
But whither can I take my fear,  
And who will bide the leper's sore?

*A Woman of Samaria*  
DOUGLAS DUER

*Go, and sin no more.*

Master, what work hast thou for me,—  
For me, who turn aside in shame  
Before the eyes of my own blame?  
Thou seest, Lord.

I see.

That shame for Me thou shalt endure,  
That thou mayst succour souls afraid,  
Who would not dare to seek for aid  
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show  
These scars of unforgotten pain?  
May it be never whole again?  
Thou knowest, Lord.

I know.

Those scars I leave thee for a sign  
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest  
As on a mother's sheltering breast  
On that scarred heart of thine.

*Magdalen to Christ*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*And I give unto them eternal life;  
and they shall never perish.*

Lazarus tells the people that crowd about him why he  
came back from the land of the dead.

*Lazarus—*

Who has seen Heaven

May pass no speech upon it. I grow dumb  
And helpless thinking of it, with no words  
But for one only thing, and that the best,  
Since that it lured me out of perfect bliss  
And Heaven was not strong to keep me from it.

*The crowd—*

The Christ! The Christ!

*A man—*

I think it was His face  
That shone upon thee. If I were dispersed  
Into the various ways of sun and dew,  
A portion of the slow mood of the soil  
And sweet thought of the air, I would return  
And, reaching helpless hands out of the dust,  
Gathering dimly out of stone and rain,  
Would rear myself before Him if His face  
But shone upon the world where I abode.

*Lazarus—*

Nay, not the love and solace of His face.

*A woman—*

What drew thee, then? The way were cold to come  
With no dear smile to lure. What better thing  
Bade thee from Paradise?

*A man—*

It was His voice!

Ay! Were I feasting with the happy dead  
And shouting with great laughter, I would rise,  
Forgetting love and cheer for ways forlorn  
So that His voice called.

*Lazarus—*

Nay—not His voice.

*A woman—*

Thou camest all alone? What swayed thee, then,  
To seek our sorrow from the blessed dead?

*Lazarus—*

A great desire led me out alone  
From those assured abodes of perfect bliss.  
One thing more fair than they, more keen, more  
sweet!

And I was swayed before it helplessly,  
For the desire of it; and I rose,  
And stepped from those slow æons of delight  
And by the way I went came seeking earth,  
Seeing before my eyes one only thing—

*The crowd—*

What was it, Lazarus? Let us share that thing.  
What was it, brother, thou didst see?

*Lazarus—*

A cross.

Passage from *Lazarus*

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

## IV

# THE GREAT WEEK IN JESUS' LIFE



*My house shall be called a house of prayer  
for all the nations.*

On the day that Christ ascended  
To Jerusalem,  
Singing multitudes attended,  
And the very heavens were rended  
With the shout of them.

Chanted they a sacred ditty,  
Every heart elate;  
But he wept in brooding pity,  
Then went in the holy city  
By the Golden Gate.

In the temple, lo! what lightning  
Makes unseemly rout'  
He in anger, sudden, frightening,  
Drives with scorn and scourge the whitening  
Money-changers out.

By the way that Christ descended  
From Mount Olivet,  
I, a lonely pilgrim, wended,  
On the day his entry splendid  
Is remembered yet.

And I thought: If he, returning  
On this high festival,  
Here should haste with love and yearning,  
Where would now his fearful, burning  
Anger flash and fall?

In the very house they builded  
To his saving name,  
'Mid their altars, gemmed and gilded,  
Would his scourge and scorn be wielded,  
His fierce lightning flame?

Once again, O Man of Wonder,  
Let thy voice be heard!  
Speak as with a sound of thunder;  
Drive the false thy roof from under,  
Teach thy priests thy word.

*The Anger of Christ*  
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*But ye have made it a den of robbers.*

That day the doves with burnished breasts  
Uneasy were; we, halt and blind and lame,  
Within the temple waited, ugly guests,  
Hoping, in spite of filth, disease and shame;  
Outside the multitude waved branches green,  
Calling, "Hosanna to the Nazarene."

I shrank close to the roof-prop, for my eyes  
Were dead to seeing: but I heard the clink of  
coins,  
The piles of silver shekels steadily rise,  
Poured from sheiks' bags and belts 'round merchant  
loins;  
I heard the purple priced; and in between  
Far off,—“Hosanna to the Nazarene.”

I could not see Him enter, but I heard  
The multitude and smelted the dusty throng:  
Old Anab brushed me with his ragged beard,  
Muttering, “Kneel, thou! He will speak ere long.”  
Yea—though five times more leprous I had been  
I would come here to implore the Nazarene.

But then the woman Terah, ill of pox,  
Began to whimper. “See, he bringeth woe!  
He overturns the booths, the treasure-box;  
His eyes blaze on the dove-sellers. Let us go!  
He'll scourge us, smite us. Tush! It is well seen  
We shall be cursèd of the Nazarene.”

A form swept past us, we in terror caught  
A man's clear voice of anger: then the sound  
Of fleeing feet of traffickers, onslaught  
On booths, and tables crashing to the ground.  
I heard the money scatter and careen  
Under the spurning of the Nazarene.

Rachel, a maiden, clutched my sleeve, and shrank  
With me behind the curtain, and the crowd  
Surged wildly past. For us, our dear hopes sank  
Under that stern voice cutting like a goad,  
Judging, arraigning, charging; 'mid the spleen  
Of money-changers, stood the Nazarene!

*“This temple is my house, the House of Prayer!”*

(His voice was like the wind that whips the leaves)

*“But with your buyings and your sellings there*

*Ye—ye have made my house a den of thieves!”*

Then little Rachel sobbed; “Awful his mien;  
His eyes are flames; I fear the Nazarene.”

But when the temple silenced—while a dove  
Fluttered and soared and beat against the roof,  
We frightened beggars heard a voice of love  
Calling us gently; then his tender proof  
He gave. He healed us! I, who had been  
Blind from my birth—I *saw* the Nazarene!

*Told in the Market-place*

EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

*Blessed is the king that cometh  
in the name of the Lord.*

The street stands crowded from wall to wall.  
Yon Hebrew boy, come here, I pray,  
And tell me what has sufficed to call  
Such multitude abroad to-day.

“Friend, do you see upon yonder hill  
Where the road winds around old Olive’s brow?”  
“Lad, I see only the sunshine still,  
And some ragged trees and the dust below;

“While along the poor path some weary men,  
With one in their midst as poor as they;  
He is much bespent, for I see again,  
That he rides on an ass; and they draw this way.”

“Stranger, many a month before,  
I stood on the coast of Gennesaret’s sea;  
In a basket of wicker some loaves I bore  
That my mother, at home, had prepared for me.

“Stranger, just at the set of the sun,  
He that was teaching called me anear;  
‘Will you give me your loaves, lad?’ ‘Every one!’  
I answered, and gave them with never a fear.

“Stranger, five thousand men and more  
Had heard what the teacher had to say;  
And these were hungry; He blessed my store,  
And He fed them all, and He sent them away.

“Stranger, He that rides down toward the gate  
Is that Teacher— All Hail! Let me go, I say.  
I must join them at once. I would not be late.  
You must keep me no longer,—I cannot stay.”

“Hosanna!” down from the hill they cry,  
“Hosanna!” comes back from the town below,  
As they pay meet homage and honor high,  
And for Christ’s dear feet their green palms strow.

Part of a poem called *Palm Sunday*

CARROLL LUND BATES

*When he drew nigh, he saw the city,  
and wept over it.*

The long ascent was ended, evening shed  
Its softest light, and from Mount Olive’s brow  
The holy city stood before Him; how  
Fair, with temple crowned and garlanded  
With massive walls. The sacrifice is led  
Not only in the days of Abraham’s vow  
To Mount Moriah, but comes here and now  
Upon the ass’s colt with garments spread.  
“Jerusalem,” the tender voice laments,  
“That stonest those that come to thy release,  
The slaughter of the holy innocents,  
The blood of martyrs make thy diadem;  
If thou hadst known, e’en thou, Jerusalem,  
The precious things belonging to thy peace!”

*The Lament*

CAROLINE HAZARD

*O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
that killeth the prophets!*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, who oft  
His love had gathered thee beneath its wings  
And thou wouldest not!—Love crucified aloft  
On Calvary, enthroned the King of Kings.

*At Jerusalem*  
KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Are ye able to drink the cup  
that I am about to drink?*

At last the bird that sung so long  
In twilight circles, hushed his song;  
Above the ancient square  
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday Night! Some hearts were bowed,  
But some amid the waiting crowd  
Because of too much youth  
Felt not the mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:  
Nor when beneath the arch of stone  
With dirge and candle flame  
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,  
Though on the awful tree aloof,

Unspiritual, dead,  
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made  
A little space of deeper shade  
(As I could half descry,  
A stranger, even as I),

I said, "Those youths who bear along  
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,  
The spear, the garment torn,  
The flaggel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummery?  
Would not a brave man gladly die  
For a much smaller thing  
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned.  
Throned in its hundred candles burned  
The jewelled eidolon  
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt  
No shame until the stranger knelt;  
Then not to kneel, almost  
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,  
Flowered out a living dimness; bright  
Dawned the dear mortal grace  
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street  
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet  
With lemon-flowers; and soon  
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends  
To whom much silence makes amends  
For the much babble vain  
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.  
The light was little yet; his will  
I could not see to trace  
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,  
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke  
He turned unto my cries  
The anguish of his eyes.

“Friend! Master!” I cried falteringly,  
“Thou seest the thing they make of Thee.  
Oh, by the light divine,  
My mother shares with thine,

“I beg that I may lay my head  
Upon thy shoulder and be fed  
With thoughts of brotherhood!”  
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found  
We walked. At the first meadow bound  
His figure ashen-stoled  
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

*Good Friday Night*

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*Hating loved his own which were in the  
world, he loved them unto the end.*

John, my beloved, come with me apart  
In this dim garden for a little space.  
I cannot rest me though the others sleep;  
There is a time to wake them, but not now.

Is it not good to climb this hill to-night  
After the glad hozannas in the street,  
The crowding faces, life and men and love,  
Here on the slope of the eternal stars  
To watch the lights that shine through Kedron's vale,  
And 'neath the olives walk alone with God ?

"Tis not the first time that we two have walked  
Shoulder to shoulder underneath the stars;  
Nor yet the last, John, though to-morrow's sun  
Should dawn upon you, and on you alone.

Nay, my good brother, loose your fingers' grip.  
You could not keep me if I willed to go:

Your heart enfolds me, not your fearful arm—  
The lights shine clearer through the dusky vale,  
And with their coming, John, we say goodbye.

We say goodbye, for every road must end,  
All pleasant journeys underneath the sun;  
Claspt hands are severed, hungry lips must part,  
The long night comes at close of every day,  
And men must slumber when their work is done.

Nay, it is better,—light is not light alone;  
Were there no shadows, even suns were blind;  
Only by parting do men meet again.  
And we have met, John, met in a holy land  
Alone with God in his great silences  
Where never men have ventured—you and I.  
And we have looked upon the gates of heaven,  
Beyond the stars, beyond the flaming sun,  
Beyond all time, and known that God is love.

Was it not worth it, just to dare to be  
One's simple self, to think, to love, to do,  
And not to be ashamed? To live one's life  
Fearless and pure and strong, true to one's self,  
Though the false world were full of lies and hate,  
Where blind men lead each other through the dark,  
Too weak to sin, ashamed of what is good,  
Unable to do evil, thinking it.

But we have dared. David and Jonathan  
Drank no divinelier in courts of Saul  
Than we together in Gethsemane.

And though to-night I drain the cup of death  
Down to the stinging dregs of Judas' kiss,  
The wine of love lies sweeter on my lips—  
I see the lanterns gleaming. Kiss me, John.

*John*  
WILLARD WATTLES

*He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron,  
where was a garden.*

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with love and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.

*A Ballad of Trees and the Master*  
SIDNEY LANIER

*My soul is exceeding sorrowful  
even unto death;  
abide ye here, and watch.*

There is a sighing in the pallid sprays  
Of these old olives, as if still they kept  
Their pitying watch, in Nature's faithful ways,  
As on that night when the disciples slept,

*At Gethsemane*  
KATHARINE LEE BATES

*What then shall I do unto Jesus  
who is called the Christ?*

Have thou naught to do with Him, O Pilate,  
With that Just One! For to-night a dream  
Or an angel spoke: most dread revealing  
Did the vision seem!

Throned amid the clouds of heaven I see Him;  
See the lightnings flashing from His brow;  
And *that Face!*—'tis His, the Galilean's,  
Thou art judging now.

Oh, the clouds of splendor! they enfold Him:  
How the angels throng; their faces shine;  
Oh, His eyes! with calmness, deep, majestic,  
Looking into mine:—

But I shrink away,—I cannot bear it,  
All that glory. Heaven is bending down,  
And the thorn-pierced, mighty brow, resplendent,  
Wears a victor's crown.

Earth, all hushed, is waiting to adore Him,  
Mighty seas are murmuring at His feet;  
Mountain heights, in silence, grand, before Him  
Stand, their King to greet.

See, the nations gather; He hath called them,—  
His, the mighty fiat they obey;  
His, the Man enthroned amid the angels  
On that awful day.

Darest thou meet Him, in the hour of judgment?  
Pilate,—canst thou answer to His call?  
Trembling I behold thee; pallid terror  
Holdeth thee in thrall:

Dumb, convicted, thou wouldest sue for mercy,  
Yet canst find no plea, can speak no word:  
*Who is this?*—the Judge, whose silence smiteth  
Like avenging sword?

Fades the dream, as dawn dispels the midnight;  
Last to vanish is that Face sublime;  
And His eyes, still searching mine, command me  
Speak, while yet there's time.

Oh, refuse not! Pilate, heed the vision,—  
All my soul in anguish bids thee hear;  
Oh, condemn thou not this Man, the Just One;  
For I fear, *I fear!*

*The Dream of Claudia Procula*  
MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS

*The unsearchable riches of Christ.*

My Master was so very poor,  
A manger was His cradling place;  
So very rich my Master was  
Kings came from far  
To gain His grace.

My Master was so very poor  
And with the poor He broke the bread;  
So very rich my Master was  
That multitudes  
By him were fed.

My Master was so very poor  
They nailed Him naked to a cross;  
So very rich my Master was  
He gave His all  
And knew no loss.

*My Master*  
HARRY LEE

*Pilate delivered Jesus, when  
he had secured him, to be  
crucified.*

I saw in Siena pictures,  
Wandering wearily;  
I sought not the names of the masters  
Nor the works men care to see;  
But once in a low-ceiled passage  
I came on a place of gloom,  
Lit here and there with halos  
Like saints within the room.  
The pure, serene, mild colors  
The early artists used  
Had made my heart grow softer,  
And still on peace I mused.  
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,  
And my frame was clenched with pain;  
Perchance no throe so noble  
Visits my soul again.  
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;  
On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;  
In my breast the deep compassion  
Breaking the heart for man.  
I drooped with heavy eyelids,  
Till evil should have its will;  
On my lips was silence gathered;  
My waiting soul stood still.  
I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;  
I trembled, and woke to know  
Him whom they worship in heaven  
Still walking on earth below.

Once have I borne his sorrows  
Beneath the flail of fate!  
Once, in the woe of his passion,  
I felt the soul grow great!  
I turned from my dead Leader;  
I passed the silent door;  
The gray-walled street received me;  
On peace I mused no more.

*Christ Scourged*  
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

*And they crucify him.*

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,  
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,  
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,  
The Master toiled along to Calvary;  
We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,  
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;  
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly,—  
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame  
Still clings, and we have not made good the loss  
That outraged faith has entered in his name.  
Ah, when shall come love's courage to be strong!  
Tell me, O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long  
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

*Calvary*  
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON  
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*I glorified thee on earth, having accomplished  
the work which thou hast given me to do.*

From Bethlehem to Calvary, the Saviour's journey  
    lay;  
Doubt, unbelief, scorn, fear and hate beset Him day  
    by day,  
But in His heart He bore God's love that brightened  
    all the way.

O'er the Judean hills He walked, serene and brave of  
    soul,  
Seeking the beaten paths of men, touching and making  
    whole,  
Dying at last for love of man, on Calvary's darkened  
    knoll.

He went with patient steps and slow, as one who scat-  
    ters seed;  
Like a fierce hunger in His heart, He felt the world's  
    great need,  
And the negations Moses gave He changed to loving  
    deed.

From Bethlehem to Calvary the world still follows on,  
Even as the halt and blind of old along His path were  
    drawn;  
Through Calvary's clouds they seek the light that led  
    Him to the dawn.

*From Bethlehem to Calvary*

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

*Truly this man was the Son of God.*

After the shameful trial in the hall,  
The mocking and the scourging, and the pain  
Of Peter's words; to Herod, and again  
To Pilate's judgment-seat, the royal pall,  
The cross itself, the vinegar and gall;  
The thieves close by, discipleship proved vain,  
The scoffing crowd, His mother's tears like rain,  
There came one moment, bitterest of all.  
Yet in that cry, when flesh and spirit failed,  
Last effort of the awful way He trod,  
Which shook the earth, nor left the temple veiled,  
In that exceeding great and bitter cry  
Was conquest. The centurion standing by  
Said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

*The Ninth Hour*  
CAROLINE HAZARD

*And when Peter thought thereon, he wept.*

Peter and James and John,  
The sad tale runneth on—  
All slept and Thee forgot;  
One said he knew Thee not.

Peter and James and John,  
The sad tale runneth on—  
I am that one, the three;  
Thus have I done to Thee.

Under a garden wall,  
I lay at evenfall;  
I waked. Thou calledst me;  
I had not watched with Thee.

Peter and James and John,  
The sad tale runneth on—  
By the priest's fagot hot,  
I said I knew Thee not.

The little maid spake out:  
“With Him thou wentest about.”  
“This Man I never met—”  
I hear the cock crow yet.

*Good Friday*  
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

*And with him they crucify two robbers,  
one on his right hand, and one on his left.*

Three crosses rose on Calvary against the iron sky,  
Each with its living burden, each with its human cry.  
And all the ages watched there, and there were you  
and I.

One bore the God incarnate, reviled by man's disdain,  
Who through the woe he suffered for our eternal gain,  
With joy of infinite loving assuaged his infinite pain.

On one the thief repentant conquered his cruel doom,  
Who called at last on Christ and saw his glory through  
the gloom.

For him after the torment souls of the blest made room.

And one the unrepentant bore, who his harsh fate defied.  
To him, the child of darkness, all mercy was denied;  
Nailed by his brothers on the cross, he cursed his God  
and died.

Ah, Christ, who met in Paradise him who had eyes  
to see,

Didst thou not greet the other in hell's black agony?  
And if he knew thy face, Lord, what did he say to  
thee?

*The Thief on the Cross*

HARRIET MONROE

*And the glory which thou hast given me  
I have given unto them; that they may be one,  
even as we are one.*

Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had been  
At mass-meetings in Palestine,  
We know whose side was spoken for  
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

“Where sore they toil and hard they lie,  
Among the great unwashed dwell I;—  
The tramp, the convict, I am he;  
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder me.”

By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye,  
He did to-morrow prophesy;—  
“The kingdom's gate is low and small;  
The rich can scarce wedge through at all.”

“A dangerous man,” said Caiaphas;  
“An ignorant demagogue, alas!  
Friend of low women, it is he  
Slanders the upright Pharisee.”

For law and order, it was plain,  
For Holy Church, he must be slain.  
The troops were there to awe the crowd,  
And violence was not allowed.

Their clumsy force with force to foil  
His strong, clean hands he would not soil.  
He saw their childishness quite plain  
Between the lightnings of his pain.

Between the twilights of his end,  
He made his fellow-felon friend;  
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes,  
Invited him to Paradise.

Ah, let no local him refuse!  
Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues.  
Whatever other be debarred,  
Comrade Jesus hath his red card.

*Comrade Jesus*

SARA N. CLEGHORN

*Verily I say unto you,  
that one of you shall betray me.*

Mary, the Christ long slain, passed silently,  
Following the children joyously astir  
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,  
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.  
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,  
She saw a little Christ in every face;  
When lo, another woman, gliding near,  
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.  
And Mary sought the woman's hand and spoke:  
"I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed  
With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke  
Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"I, too, have rocked my little one.  
O He was fair!  
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,  
And like its rays through amber spun  
His sun-bright hair.  
Still I can see it shine and shine."  
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—  
And Mary smiled,—  
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays  
Of love were all His precious days.  
My little child!  
My infinite star! my music fled!"  
"Even so was mine," the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,  
Of thine." And she:  
"O mine was rosy as a bough  
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,  
To bloom for me!  
His balmy fingers left a thrill  
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,  
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:  
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"  
"I am the mother of Iscariot."

*Motherhood*  
AGNES LEE

*And the women, who had come with him  
out of Galilee, followed after,  
and beheld the tomb.*

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary  
Where the armed Romans rode from the mountain  
side;  
Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could ride free  
Out of the bruised breast and the arms nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary,  
And the long spears glittered in the night;  
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared to be,  
When the head fell and the heavens were rent with  
light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded wings  
And the sad mouth that kissed death with the cry  
“Father, forgive them,”—silently these things,  
They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

And Joseph, when the sick body was lowered slowly,  
Folded it in a white cloth without seam,  
The indomitable brow, inflexible and holy,  
And the sad breast that held the immortal dream,

And the feet that could not walk, and the pierced  
hand,  
And the arms that held the whole world in their  
embrace;  
But Mary, beside the cross-tree, could not under-  
stand,  
Looking upon the tired, human face.

*The Mother*  
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

*Henceforth all generations  
shall call me blessed.*

Mary smiled on her little Son,  
“Now, why hast Thou left Thy play?”  
“But to touch thy hands with my hands, Mother,  
Lest sometime there comes a day  
When I may not close them within my own,  
Though they fall as hurt doves may.”

Mary smiled on her little Son,  
"Now blind wouldest Thou have me go  
That mine eyes Thou hast closed with kisses twain?"  
"My Mother, I may not know,  
But I fear a day when they look on pain  
And I may not close them so."

Mary smiled on her little Son,  
Close, close in her arms pressed He;  
"O Mother, my Mother, my heart on thine  
Lest sometime a day may be  
When I may not comfort or make it whole,  
Though it break for love of me."

*Now think you that on Calvary hill  
Whereon her Son was slain  
She felt upon her eyes that touch  
That veiled them unto pain,  
And filled her groping hands, and bade  
Her torn heart beat again?*

*The Ballad of the Comforting*  
THEODOSIA GARRISON

*And I, if I be lifted from the earth,  
will draw all men unto myself.*

The eve of Golgotha had come,  
And Christ lay shrouded in the garden Tomb;  
Among the olives, oh, how dumb,  
How sad the sun incarnadined the gloom!

The hill grew dim—the pleading cross  
Reached empty arms toward the closing gate.  
Jerusalem, oh, count thy loss!  
Oh, hear ye! hear ye! ere it be too late!

Reached bleeding arms—but how in vain!  
The murmurous multitude within the wall  
Already had forgot His pain—  
To-morrow would forget the cross—and all!

They knew not Rome, before its sign,  
Bending her brow bound with the nation's threne,  
Would sweep all lands from Nile to Rhine  
In servitude unto the Nazarene.

Nor knew that millions would forsake  
Ancestral shrines great with the glow of time,  
And lifting up its token shake  
Æons with thrill of love or battle's crime.

With empty arms aloft it stood:  
Ah, Scribe and Pharisee, ye builded well!  
The cross embotted with His blood  
Mounts, highest Hope of men, against earth's hell!

*The Empty Cross*  
CALE YOUNG RICE

*Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow  
shall be turned into joy.*

There is a legend somewhere told  
Of how the skylark came of old  
To the dying Saviour's cross,  
And circling round that form of pain  
Poured forth a wild, lamenting strain,  
As if for human loss.

Pierced by those accents of despair,  
Upon the tiny mourner there  
Turning his fading eyes,  
The Saviour said, "Dost thou so mourn  
And is thy fragile breast so torn,  
That man, thy brother, dies?"

"O'er all the world uplifted high,  
We are alone here, thou and I;  
And near to heaven and thee  
I bless thy pity-guided wings!  
I bless thy voice—the last that sings  
Love's requiem for me.

"Sorrow no more shall fill thy song;  
These frail and fluttering wings grown strong,  
Thou shalt no longer fly  
Earth's captive—nay, but boldly dare  
The azure vault, and upward bear  
Thy transports to the sky!"

Soon passed the Saviour; but the lark,  
Close hovering near Him in the dark,  
Could not his grief abate;  
And nigh the watchers at the tomb,  
Still mourned through days of grief and gloom,  
With note disconsolate.

But when to those sad mourners came,  
In rose and amethyst and flame,  
The Dawn Miraculous,  
Song in which sorrow had no part  
Burst from the lark's triumphant heart—  
Sweet and tumultuous!

An instant, as with rapture blind,  
He faltered; then, his Lord to find,  
Straight to the ether flew,—  
Rising where falls no human tear,  
Singing where still his song we hear  
Piercing the upper blue!

*The Lark*  
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

*I am the Way.*

Three roads led out of Calvary.  
The first was broad and straight,  
That Pilate and great Caiaphas  
Might ride thereon in state.

The second was the felons' road,  
Cruel and hard to tread  
For those who bore the cross's load,  
For those whose footsteps bled.

The third road slunk through mean defiles,  
Fearing the open sky;  
And Judas crept the dreadful miles  
To Calvary thereby.

The highroad up to Calvary  
Was blotted from the land;  
Where Judas hid, the jackal cries  
By thorn-cursed drifts of sand.

But that poor road the felons went—  
How fair it now appears,  
Smoothed wide by myriads penitent  
And flower-set by their tears!

*The Blessed Road*  
CHARLES BUXTON GOING

*There was the true light, even the light  
which lighteth every man.*

Out of the dark we come, nor know  
Into what outer dark we go.  
Wings sweep across the stars at night,  
Sweep and are lost in flight,  
And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky  
I empty as before the wings went by.

We dare not lift our eyes, lest we should see  
The utter quiet of eternity;  
So, in the end, we come to this:  
Christ-Mary's kiss.

We cannot brook the wide sun's might,  
We are alone and chilled by night;  
We stand, atremble and afraid,  
Upon the small worlds we have made;  
Fearful, lest all our poor control  
Should turn and tear us to the soul;  
A dread, lest we should be denied  
The price we hold our ragged pride;  
So in the end we cast them by  
For a gaunt cross against the sky.

To those who question is the fine reward  
Of the brave heart who fights with broken sword  
In the dark night against an unseen enemy;  
There is not any hope of victory.  
While sweat is sweet and earthly ways and toil,  
The touch of shoulders, scent of new-turned soil,  
Striving itself amid the thrusting throng,  
And love that comes with white hands strong;  
But on itself the long path turns again,  
To find at length the hill of pain.

Such only do we know and see;  
Starlight and evening mystery,  
Sunlight on peaks and dust-red plain,  
Thunder and the quick breath of rain,

Stirring of fields and all the lovely things  
That season after season brings;  
Young dawn and quiet night  
And the earth's might.  
But all our wisdom and our wisdom's plan  
End in the lonely figure of a Man.

*Via Crucis*

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

V

**CHRIST TRIUMPHANT**



*And they shall kill him,  
and the third day he shall be raised up.*

It was a night of calls and far replies,  
A night of trembling for that Serpent head  
In gulfs that were before the eldest dead—  
A night of whispering haste along the skies,  
Prayer, and a wondering down of seraph eyes;  
While stilled Jerusalem, washed in the moon's light,  
Lay like a brood of sepulchers, ghost-white.

The dark was dying silverly, that strange,  
Still hour when Earth is falling toward the day—  
That hour of spacious silence and delay  
When all things poise upon the hinge of change.  
The guardsmen had grown silent on their round,  
Their fire was sinking, when a crash of sound—  
Darkness—a reel of Earth—a rush of light—  
Cleft rocks—then scent of aloes on the night!

Their faces turned to faces of the dead,  
Their spears fell clamoring terribly as they fled.  
And He stood risen in the guarded place,  
With empire in his gesture—on his face

The hush of muted music and the might  
That drew the stars down on the ancient night.

Tall in the first-light, mystical and pale,  
He stood as one who dares and cannot fail,  
As some high conscript of the Bright Abodes,  
As one still called to travel on wild roads  
In Love's divine adventure—his white face  
Hushed with heroic purpose for the race;  
Yet wistful of the men who should deny Him,  
And wistful of the years that should belie Him.

With peace of heart the blind world could not break,  
He took a path the young leaves keep awake.  
Glad of the day come back and loving all,  
He passed across the morning, felt the cool,  
Sweet, kindling air blown upward from the pool.  
A burning bush was reddening by the wall;  
An oleander bough was full of stirs,  
Struck by the robes of unseen messengers.

The hills broke purpling, as the sun's bright edge  
Pushed slowly up behind a rocky ledge:  
The hovering dome of the Temple, gray and cold,  
Burned out with sudden, unexpected gold.  
A light wind silvered up the olive slope,  
And all the world was wonder and wild hope!

*The Garden of the Sepulcher*

EDWIN MARKHAM

*Said I not unto thee, that, if thou believedst,  
thou shouldst see the glory of God?*

Christ said to Martha by her brother's grave,  
I am the resurrection and the life—  
And with what troubled thoughts her mind was rife!  
The life, He said, and yet He freely gave  
His life, and saving others would not save  
Himself. The resurrection? Chuza's wife  
Had seen Him in the tomb—at end was strife,  
And o'er her anguish swept, a mighty wave.  
And yet her firm assurance kept her faith,  
And her reply, the fervent I believe,—  
Had not His voice raised Lazarus from death,  
Had not the grave released its four days' prey?  
A foretaste of the resurrection day  
She had to bid her wait, and not to grieve.

*Martha*  
CAROLINE HAZARD

*Father, forgive them;  
for they know not what they do.*

I was a Roman soldier in my prime;  
Now age is on me and the yoke of time.  
I saw your Risen Christ, for I am he  
Who reached the hyssop to Him on the tree;  
And I am one of two who watched beside  
The Sepulcher of Him we crucified.

All that last night I watched with sleepless eyes;  
Great stars arose and crept across the skies.  
The world was all too still for mortal rest,  
For pitiless thoughts were busy in the breast.  
The night was long, so long, it seemed at last  
I had grown old and a long life had passed.  
Far off, the hills of Moab, touched with light,  
Were swimming in the hollow of the night.  
I saw Jerusalem all wrapped in cloud,  
Stretched like a dead thing folded in a shroud.

Once in the pauses of our whispered talk  
I heard a something on the garden walk.  
Perhaps it was a crisp leaf lightly stirred—  
Perhaps the dream-note of a waking bird.  
Then suddenly an angel burning white  
Came down with earthquake in the breaking light,  
And rolled the great stone from the Sepulcher,  
Mixing the morning with a scent of myrrh.  
And lo, the Dead had risen with the day:  
The Man of Mystery had gone his way!

Years have I wandered, carrying my shame;  
Now let the tooth of time eat out my name.  
For we, who all the wonder might have told,  
Kept silence, for our mouths were stopt with gold.

*A Guard of the Sepulcher*

EDWIN MARKHAM

*Jesus saith unto her, Mary!*

At dawn she sought the Saviour slain,  
To kiss the spot where He had lain  
And weep warm tears, like spring-time rain;

When lo, there stood, unstained of death,  
A man that spoke with low sweet breath;  
And “Master!” Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years  
How sweeter than the songs of seers  
That tender offering of tears!

*Mary Magdalen*

RICHARD BURTON

*She turneth and saith unto him, Rabboni,  
which is to say, Teacher.*

Rabboni, in the garden sweet  
Kneel I enraptured at Thy feet.  
Thyself transfigured walkest here.  
Might such a change in me appear!  
Shall death alone illumine me?  
Nay, Soul, that were a travesty.  
Only living man can praise;  
Then touch me with Thy living rays.

*Rabboni*

BARBARA PEATTIE ERSKINE

*Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples,  
I have seen the Lord.*

She brake the box, and all the house was filled  
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,  
While at His feet a costlier rose distilled  
The bruised balm of penitential love.

And lo, as if in recompense of her,  
Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,  
He breaks anon the seal'd sepulcher,  
And fills the world with rapture and with light.

*The Recompense*  
J. B. TABB

*And your heart shall rejoice,  
and your joy no one taketh away from you.*

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew  
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,  
That morn when Magdalene hastened through  
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond tree;  
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,  
Saw neither lily nor anemone—  
Naught save the Sepulcher.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!  
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;  
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—  
From that day "Mary's Flower."

*The Sepulcher in the Garden*

JOHN FINLEY

*Was not our heart burning within us,  
while he spake to us in the way?*

Triumphant morn whose first ray had such might  
That Life and Love, which passed beyond the ken  
And ministering care of mortal men,  
Upon this holy day could reunite!  
O Blessed sun, which saw the wondrous sight,  
The glad rebirth of primal time, as when  
The radiant sons of morn in thousands ten  
Rejoiced at that great word, Let there be light.  
The first word when the tomb was newly rent  
Was to a grieving woman gently said;  
With two sad men He walked, the day far spent,  
And how their heavy hearts within them burned  
As comforted into the inn they turned,  
And He was known to them in breaking bread!

*Easter*  
CAROLINE HAZARD

*I ascend unto my Father and your Father,  
and my God and your God.*

In the gray dawn they left Jerusalem,  
And I rose up to follow after them.  
He led toward Bethany by the narrow bridge  
Of Kedron, upward to the olive ridge.  
Once on the camel path beyond the City,  
He looked back, struck at heart with pain and pity—  
Looked backward from the two lone cedar trees  
On Olivet, alive to every breeze—  
Looked in a rush of sudden tears, and then  
Went steadily on, never to turn again.

Near the green quiet of a little wood  
The Master halted silently and stood.  
The figs were purpling, and a fledgling dove  
Had fallen from a windy bough above,  
And lay there crying feebly by a thorn,  
Its little body bruised and forlorn.  
He stept aside a moment from the rest  
And put it safely back into the nest.

Then mighty words did seem to rise in Him  
And die away; even as white vapors swim  
A moment on Mount Carmel's purple steep,  
And then are blown back rainless to the deep.  
And once He looked up with a little start:  
Perhaps some loved name passed across his heart,  
Some memory of a road in Galilee,  
Or old familiar rock beside the Sea.

And suddenly there broke upon our sight  
A rush of angels terrible with light—  
The high same host the Shepherds saw go by,  
Breaking the starry night with lyric cry—  
A rush of angels, wistful and aware,  
That shook a thousand colors on the air—  
Colors that made a music to the eye—  
Glories of lilac, azure, gold, vermillion,  
Blown from the air-hung delicate pavilion.

And now his face grew bright with luminous will:  
The great grave eyes grew planet-like and still.  
Yea, in that moment, all his face, fire-white,  
Seemed struck out of imperishable light.  
Delicious apprehension shook his spirit,  
With song so still that only the heart could hear it.  
A sense of something sacred, starry, vast,  
Greater than earth, across his spirit passed.

Then with a stretching of his hands to bless,  
A last unspeakable look that was caress,  
Up through the vortice of bright cherubim  
He rose until the august form grew dim—  
Up through the blue dome of the day ascended,  
By circling flights of seraphim befriended.  
He was uplifted from us, and was gone  
Into the darkness of another dawn.

*The Ascension*  
EDWIN MARKHAM



VI

WHAT THINK YE OF  
CHRIST?



*And we have believed and know  
that thou art the Holy One of God.*

If Jesus Christ is a man—  
And only a man,—I say  
That of all mankind I cleave to him  
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god,—  
And the only God,—I swear  
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,  
The earth, the sea, and the air!

*The Song of a Heathen* (Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32)  
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*For we did not follow cunningly devised fables,  
but we were eye-witnesses of his majesty.*

Oh He who walked with fishermen  
Was man of men in Galilee;  
He told us endless wonder-tales,  
His laugh was hale and free.

The water changed He into wine  
To please a poor man's company;  
I saw Him walk one wretched night  
Upon a troubled sea.

And when the rabble cried for blood,  
I saw him nailed upon a tree;  
He showed how a brave man could die;  
The Prince of men was He.

And rough men, we, who never wept,  
Wept when they nailed Him to the tree;  
Oh, He was more than man, who walked  
With us in Galilee.

*A Fisherman Speaks, Anno Domini, thirty-three*  
SCHARMEL IRIS

*To him be the glory  
both now and forevermore, Amen.*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all  
For the priests and the gallows tree?  
Aye lover he was of brawny men,  
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man  
His smile was good to see.  
"First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,  
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears  
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,  
“Why took ye not me when I walked about  
Alone in the town?” says he.

Oh we drank his “Hale” in the good red wine  
When we last made company,  
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,  
But a man o’ men was he.

I ha’ seen him drive a hundred men  
Wi’ a bundle o’ cords swung free,  
That they took the high and holy house  
For their pawn and treasury.

They’ll no’ get him a’ in a book, I think,  
Though they write it cunningly;  
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,  
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha’ snared our Goodly Fere  
They are fools to the last degree.  
“I’ll go to the feast,” quo’ our Goodly Fere,  
“Though I go to the gallows tree.

“Ye ha’ seen me heal the lame and blind,  
And wake the dead,” says he,  
“Ye shall see one thing to master all:  
’Tis how a brave man dies on the tree.”

A son of God was the Goodly Fere  
That bade us his brothers be.  
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.  
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drove the nails  
And the blood gushed hot and free,  
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue  
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men  
On the hills o' Galilee,  
They whined as he walked out calm between,  
Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging  
With the winds unleashed and free,  
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret  
Wi' twey words spoke' suddenly.

A master o' men was the Goodly Fere,  
A mate of the wind and sea;  
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere  
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb  
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

*Ballad of the Goodly Fere*

Simon Zelotes Speaketh This Somewhat after the Crucifixion

EZRA POUND

*For to me to live is Christ.*

How long have you been waiting? Not so long?  
I'm glad of that. You found the place at once.  
Well, there's the Campus Martius, when you're there  
You see above this Collis Hortulorum,  
A good place for two men like us to meet:  
Here's where luxurious souls have their abodes.  
That's Sallust's garden there. They do not care  
So much about us as some others do.  
There is a tolerance comes from being rich,  
An urbane soul is fashioned by a villa.  
Our faith is not to these a wicked thing,  
A deadly superstition as some deem it.  
But, Mark, my son, there's Rome below you there—  
What temples, arches, under the full moon!  
Here let us sit beside this chestnut tree,  
And while the soft wind blows out of the sea  
Let's finish up our talks. You must know all  
Wherewith to write the story ere I die  
Beneath the wrath of Nero. See that light,  
Faint like a little candle—I passed there.  
That's one of our poor men, they make us lamps  
Wherewith to light the streets and Nero's gardens.  
We shall be lamps they'll wish to snuff in time.  
We met to-night at one Silvanus' house.  
And I was telling them about the night  
When in Gethsemane you followed Him,  
Having a cloth about your naked body.  
And how you laid hold on him, left the cloth  
And fled. But when you write this, you can say

"A certain young man," leaving out your name,  
You may not wish to have it known 'twas you  
Who ran away, as I would like to hide  
How I fell into sleep and failed to watch,  
And afterwards declared I knew Him not:  
But as for me, omit no thing. The world  
Will gain by seeing me rise out of weakness  
To strength, and out of fear to boldness. Time  
Has wrought his wonders in me, I am rock,  
Let hell beat on me, I shall stand from now.

Then don't forget the first man that He healed.  
There's deep significance in this, my son,  
That first of all He'd take an unclean spirit  
And cast it out. Then second was my mother  
Cured of her fever, just as you might say:  
Be rid of madness, things that tear and plague,  
Then cool you of the fever of vain life.  
But don't forget to write how he would say  
"Tell no man of this," say that and no more.  
Though I may think he said it lest the crowds  
That followed him would take his strength for  
healing,  
And leave no strength for words, let be and write  
"Tell no man of this" simply. For you see  
These madmen quieted, these lepers cleaned  
Had soon to die, all now are dead, perhaps.  
And with them ends their good. But what he said  
Remains for generations yet to come, with power  
To heal and heal. My son, preserve your notes,  
Of what I've told you, even above your life.

Make many copies lest one script be lost.  
I shall not to another tell it all  
As I have told it you.

But as for me  
What merit have I that I saw and said  
"Thou art the Christ"? One sees the thing he sees.  
That is a matter of the eye—behold  
What is the eye?

• • • • •

Let's think of eyes this way:  
The lawyers said there's nothing in this fellow.  
His family beheld no wonder in him.  
Have Mary Magdalen and I invented  
These words, this story?—who are we to do so,—  
A fallen woman and a fisherman!  
Or did this happen? Did we see these things?  
Did Mary see him risen and did I?

• • • • •

No, Mark, my son, this is the truth, so write,  
Preserve this story taken from my lips.  
My work is almost done. Rome is the end  
Of all my labors, I have faith The Eye  
Will give me other eyes for other worlds!

Why should I not believe this? Not all seasons  
Are for unfolding. In the winter time  
You cannot see the miracle of birth,  
Of germinating seeds, of blossoming.  
Why not then that one time for seeing Death

Go up like mist before the rising sun?  
And in this single instance of our Lord  
Arising from the grave, see all men rise,  
And all men's souls discovered in his soul,  
That quality and essence, strength made clear?  
And why not I the seer of these things?  
Why should there be another and not I?  
And I declare to you that untold millions  
In centuries untold will live and die  
By these words which you write, as I have told  
them.  
And nation after nation will be moulded,  
As heated wax is moulded, by these words.  
And spirits in their inmost power will feel  
Change and regeneration through them—well, what  
then?  
Do you say God is living, that this world,  
These constellations move by law, that all  
This miracle of life and light is held  
In harmony, and that the soul of man  
Moves not in order, but that it's allowed  
To prove an anarch to itself, sole thing  
That turns upon itself, sole thing that's shown  
The path that leads no whither? is allowed  
To feed on falsehood? that it's allowed  
To wander lawless to its ruin, fooled  
By what it craves, by what it feels, by eyes  
That swear the truth of what they see? by words  
Which you will write from words I have affirmed?  
And do you say that Life shall prove the foe  
Of life, and Law of law? Or do you say

The child's eyes see reality which see  
The poppy blossoms or the mother's breast,  
And this Rome and these stars do not exist  
Because the child's eyes cannot compass them,  
And get their image? Shall we trust our vision  
Mounting to higher things, or only trust  
Those things which all have seen except the souls  
Who have not soared, or risen to the gift  
Of seeing what seemed walking trees grow clear  
As men or angels? No, it cannot be.  
Man's soul, the chiefest flower of all we know,  
Is not the toy of Malice or of Sport.  
It is not set apart to be betrayed,  
Or gulled to its undoing, left to dash  
Its hopeless head against this rock's exception,  
No water for its thirst, no Life to feed it,  
No law to guide it, though this universe  
Is under Law, no God to mark its steps,  
Except the God of worlds and suns and stars,  
Who loves it not, loves worlds and suns and stars,  
And them alone, and leaves the soul to pass  
Unfathered—lets me have a madman's dream  
And gives it such reality that I  
Take fire and light the world, convincing eyes  
Left foolish to believe. It cannot be . . .

Go write what I have told you, come what will  
I'm going to the catacombs to pray.

*The Gospel of Mark*  
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

*And not a few of them that practised  
magical arts, brought their books together,  
and burned them in the sight of all.*

Hyacinthus, your money, the idol you ordered is finished.  
May the grace of Diana be with you in strength un-  
diminished.

Behold how the breast of it glitters, as if it were wrought  
in with stiples.

The Ephesian goddess is Nature and these are her  
bountiful nipples.

So then do I fear for my trade? No, never! It's past  
my conceiving.

There'll be work for the artist while gods change to  
win our believing

Come on then, you babblers and madmen from Jewry  
and tell us and show us—

Yes, come with your tumult the like of which never  
was known in Corinth or Troas.

They crowd in the markets and temples and gabble  
a story that palters.

Well, I whistle and hammer the silver, a maker of  
statues and altars.

Who says I am wroth lest in Samothrace, Lystra and  
Delos

The craft of the maker of images fail through the speech  
of these fellows?

And the temple of Artemis perish? Oh, well, however  
they hate us

Can they burn it as once it was burned by the wretch  
Hierostratus?

But we built it again and carved it all newly in beauty  
and wonder—

Destroy it, oh man, who was crazed by lightning and  
roaring of thunder!

Oh virgin Diana, if virgin, what virgin whose altar  
is older!

If matron what breasts hang with milk for the eyes  
of her temples' beholder!

For centuries gone—when these Jews prayed to ser-  
pents of bronze and to calves that were golden,  
In Ephesus, Arcady, Athens, our reverent love was  
beholden

To the goddess of prophecy, music, the lyre, of light,  
inspiration,

Who guarded and watches the city and lays the foun-  
dation

Of nations and laws. What works we have done, yea  
still we would heed her—

And look at your barbarous ark in your temple of  
jewels and cedar!

What is our pollution, our idols, our sacrificed things  
which are strangled?

I ask you already divided in turbulent parties who  
wrangled

Concerning salvation of God to the faith of the un-  
circumcision

In Cyprus and Paphos, where poets of love keep the  
Hellenic vision.

I am filled with my loathing! Oh keep me a Greek  
though you make me a whoreson,

When the worship of beauty is dead you may pare  
off my foreskin.

When the symbol is dead which I mould to Diana  
our goddess

I'll retire to the country of Nod, no matter where Nod is.

It will live when your temples are built, if any are  
builded,

And Jesus in silver is nailed on a cross which is gilded.

And touching this thing is it different to worship a  
man or abstraction?

Or an idol of silver or stone?—go talk to your spirit's  
distraction!

Areopagus listened to Paul, I am told, for Athens is  
spending

Her time, as of old, in weighing new things and at-  
tending.

They heard him in silence! Let his arguments pass  
uncorrected—

Why, Plato had told us of Er from the dead resur-  
rected!

Now, mark me! For showing the wisdom, compas-  
sion of poets and sages

That silence like lightning will aureole Paul to the end  
of the ages.

Oh Athens, who set up that shrine, do you think it  
was just superstition

Which carved for all passers to see that profoundest  
inscription:

To the unknown God? Do you think it was cow-  
ardice even?

Make altars and gods as you will, unknown is the  
planeted heaven.

And we who are richest in gods—have exhausted all  
thought in creating

Both symbols and shapes for interpreted loving and  
hating,

Still sense the Unknown, though in blindness, in love  
as in duty

Would worship it most—the Unknown is the ulti-  
mate beauty.

Yes, Athens who set up the altar and chiseled the  
worshipful letters

To the Unknown God—what ignorance fastened with  
fetters

Did you loosen, oh wonder of Tarsus, how help their  
unknowing

Who told them he dwelt not in temples, nor heeded  
the flowing

Of prayers from men's hearts—the Giver of life and  
of all things, and seeing

He is lord of the heavens, in whom we are living and  
having our being.

So quoting our poet who centuries since with the  
monarch Gonatus

Lived and wrote Phaenomena, known to the Greeks  
as Aratus.

And yet, Hyacinthus, I pity this Paul for profoundest  
compassion

Of Jesus before him. This sky and this earth I can  
fashion

Through mystical wonder or fear to the Sphinx or  
the Minotaur dreaded.

There's Persephone dying and rising, and Cerberus  
the dog many-headed.

We have thought it all through! Yet I say if a virtue  
Elysian

Besides in the doctrine I'll leave off the goddess Eph-  
sian;

Sell my tools, shut my shop, worship God in a way  
that is safer,

Make the Unknown the known! Have they shown  
you a magical wafer?

*The Apology of Demetrius*  
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

*He that loveth his life shall lose it;  
but he that hateth his life in this world  
shall keep it unto life eternal.*

The lengthening shadows of the cedar trees  
Have blended into twilight, and the sun  
Has plunged in glorious gold precipitance  
Beyond the dim crest of the western hills,  
Bearing with it the day's disquietudes;  
And now the stars, that lamp the feet of God,  
Are lighted, and night's purple silences  
Steal gently round me fraught with memories.

'Twas such an hour as this—long, long ago  
Yet seeming yesterday—he came to me,  
My little son, in joyous travail born  
Out there across the hills in Bethlehem,

Where we who journeyed southward to be taxed—  
Strangers in our own father's land—had found  
No shelter in the crowded khan, and shared,  
Perforce, a grotto with the stabled kine.

Ah, how it all comes back again to me!  
The court-yard, in the flickering torchlight, filled  
With huddled trav'lers sleeping 'neath the sky,  
The kneeling camels of a caravan,  
The patient asses dozing by the wall,  
A smell of roasting meat at little fires,  
The shouts of melon-sellers, the low drone  
Of reverend elders bending at their prayers,  
Barking of street-dogs, porters' blasphemies,  
The laughter of a girl, the mellow flute  
Of some rapt lover, and the tinkling tune  
Of sheep-bells forward moving through the dark.  
And then the hour supreme, wherein my soul  
Clomb the dark pinnacles of pain, and death  
Grappled with life through whirling æonied years,  
But fled at length and left the Miracle.

They laid him there beside me on the hay,  
A wee pink being in his world's first sleep;  
My arm was round about him and his breath  
Was warm with life on my exultant breast,  
And they whose wingèd watch is set to keep  
Ward in the valley lands of Heaven looked down  
Not up that night to find their Paradise.  
All weak with labor and soul's happiness  
I lay beneath the sapphire tent of skies,

And in my heart I made a little prayer  
Of thanks that flew up to the throne of God  
On swift dove pinions of unuttered song;  
And as I prayed, lo, upon loops of stars  
Night's velvet curtainings were lifted up,  
A wondrous light turned all the world to rose,  
And down the skies swept singing seraphim  
In mighty echoes of my little prayer.

Oh, can it be that threescore years have marched  
In troubled caravan across the waste  
Of desert life since then, and can it be  
That I, who sit here in mine eventide,  
White with the snows of sorrow and of time,  
Was once a bright tressed girl who heard the choirs  
Of Heaven rejoice that she had borne a son?  
Why, I can feel that little heart beat still  
Close to my own, the touch of little hands  
Warm and caressing on this withered breast;  
Still I can hear the first low wail that marked  
His woe's beginning and the tortured path  
That he should tread in mighty gentleness,  
With pain and anguish, 'til His love supreme  
And terrible meekness, overcoming death,  
Should lead Him conqueror to sit with God,  
Pleading for sinful men in Paradise.

To-day I stole into the synagogue  
And heard a rabbi read the sacred scroll:  
How that my lord, Isaiah, said of old,  
*Thy Maker is thy husband, he hath called thee*

*As a forsaken woman, spirit grieved;  
God, for a little moment hides His face  
From thee, but with His loving kindness soon  
And tender mercies, shall He gather thee.*

Then was I comforted, and peace displaced  
The turmoil in my heart, and minded me  
Of that great promise Gabriel bore from God  
And the immeasurable fruitage of His word,  
The life and death and glory of my son.

So in the shades of life and night I sit,  
Under the sheltering arbor of the dark  
That curves above, vined o'er with trellised stars,  
Waiting my spirit bridegroom, and the sound  
Of that loved voice—long silent save in dreams—  
Calling across the vibrant firmament,  
*O Mary, Mother Mary, come to Me.*

*Mused Mary in Old Age*

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

*The hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you  
shall think that he offered service unto God.*

The monarch looked out from his throne  
Where the Bosphorus blends with the Horn,  
And he saw how at evening and morn  
The people would prayerfully bow  
To figures of bronze and of stone;  
And he cried, as he smote on his brow,

“They worship the image alone;  
Forgot is the Godhead behind.  
Their prayers are but words on the wind  
That hither and thither are blown.”

Then an edict went forth from the south  
To the north of the empire afar,  
And a herald with clamorous mouth  
Proclaimed it in hamlet and town,  
Till the folk as by rumors of war  
Were stirred, or by famine and drouth,  
For from niche and from altar and shrine  
The Christ and the Virgin divine  
Must be cast desecratingly down.

So rage slumbered hot in the heart  
In Constantine’s city, the old;  
And murmurs waxed loud in the mart  
And the tongues of the people grew bold.  
But the monarch was firm; and the more,  
When he heard of the stir in the state,  
Was his spirit alert and elate,  
And naught in his rashness sufficed  
But to cry to the guard at the door,  
“Thou knowest the image of Christ  
Surmounting the palace’s gate,  
Go thou, take thy weapon and smite,  
In the emperor’s name and the right!”

The guardsman was pallid with fear,  
For he knew how the Christ was adored,

But he only could bow and obey,  
Passing forth on his perilous way  
With his hand gripping tight on his sword.  
By the gate was a woman in prayer,  
Who, when she beheld his intent,  
Cried loud to the heralding air,  
Till there gathered around her a score.  
There were crones in decrepitude bent,  
And mothers, and maids who were fair,  
To beg and beseech and implore.  
But he gave little heed to their cries  
For he dreaded the emperor's ire;  
He saw not the light in their eyes,  
The baleful and dangerous fire.  
The ladder was scaled, and his hand  
Uplifted the merciless brand;  
A glimmer of steel and a blow,  
And the image fell clanging below  
In the midst of the sorrowful band.

In a moment their grief was forgot,  
And a frenzy possessed them instead.  
Afar from the doom-fated spot  
Would the terrified guardsman have fled;  
But they seized him in madness, and tore  
His limbs in their maniac might,  
And dabbled their hands in his gore,  
And shouted in eager delight  
That Christ was avenged evermore.

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A tale of the shadowy past  
Obscured by the mists of the years,

Where, down all the distance, one hears  
Fanatical echoes of strife.  
Oh, why, from the first to the last,  
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,  
Be blent with the clashing of spears  
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife!

Love, love was the creed that He taught,  
And peace, perfect peace, everywhere;  
The past that is dead is as naught,  
The present and future are fair.  
Could we but see over the tomb  
The flowers of Christ's tenderness bloom,  
Grand, grand were the ages to come,  
For the voices of strife would be dumb!

*The Bronze Christ*  
CLINTON SCOLLARD

*Unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks,  
Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.*

So long, so long ago I had been slain  
By blindness malice-led, I scarce could tell  
What soul it was that trod in weary pain  
The vestibule of hell.

Only at times a sick dream came to me  
That once I had been Baldur and erstwhile  
The gods in heaven had rejoiced to see  
The glory of my smile.

In the Dim Country's languor I had lost  
The way of smiling, and all genial words  
Fell dumb at the near breath of Hela's frost  
Like winter-smitten birds.

In that gray land of failure, we who died  
Inglorious deaths, nourished our shadowy shame.  
Meeting we turned our downward gaze aside  
Before the Stranger came.

Across our hush I heard his quick feet ring,  
For like a warrior fresh from fight he trod.  
I looked him in the eyes, remembering  
That I had been a god—

Remembering that promise of a throne  
Upon the ashes of the burnt-out earth,—  
A perfect kingdom rising all mine own  
From worthlessness to worth.

• • • • •  
A sudden laughter shook the still dank air  
Like the clear causeless laughter of a child.  
Over the dusky meadows, bleak and bare,  
All the Dim Country smiled,

And one went singing in the gloom—"Behold,  
Baldur comes down to the dishonored dead.  
What, shall we find the ways too murk and cold  
That the Bright God can tread?"

“Here in this land of dreams that are no more  
And spent desires, he laughs,—and in his eyes  
In forms more glorious than once they bore  
We see our dead hopes rise.”

“Ashes of earth upon hell’s midden cast,  
From these,” I cried, “shall Baldur build his throne—  
But, oh, the wasted ages that I passed  
Unknowing and unknown—

“Nay, was I Baldur till I met thine eyes?  
Thine be the throne!” But, lo, he was not there,—  
Only a wakened world, and a surprise  
Of morning in the air.

*Baldur in Nifheim*  
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*A light for revelation  
to the Gentiles.*

Before Christ left the Citadel of Light,  
To tread the dreadful way of human birth,  
His shadow sometimes fell upon the earth  
And those who saw it wept with joy and fright.  
“Thou art Apollo, than the sun more bright!”  
They cried. “Our music is of little worth,  
But thrill our blood with thy creative mirth  
Thou god of song, thou lord of lyric might!”

O singing pilgrim! who could love and follow  
Your lover Christ, through even love's despair.  
You knew within the cypress-darkened hollow  
The feet that on the mountain are so fair.  
For it was Christ that was your own Apollo,  
And thorns were in the laurel on your hair.

*His Laureate*  
JOYCE KILMER

*There can be neither Jew nor Greek;  
for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus.*

O Man of my own people, I alone  
Among these alien ones can know thy face,  
I who have felt the kinship of thy race  
Burn in me as I sit where they intone  
Thy praises,—those who, striving to make known  
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace  
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,  
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of thy Passion? Yea,  
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side  
We have drained the bitter cup, and, tortured, felt  
With thee the bruising of the heavy welt.  
In every land is our Gethsemane.  
A thousand times have we been crucified.

*The Jew to Jesus*  
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK  
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*That they may know the mystery  
of God, even Christ.*

Dear intimate of little folk, if now  
You seem too incommensurably great,  
Is it because 'tis easier to abate  
Our faith than equal it with yours?—to allow  
You the divine advantage, than avow  
That other human hearts are designate  
To share your mastery and free estate?  
To you as God, we, unbelieving bow—  
To you that, verily divine, have trod  
The way to godhood; who, being simple, wed  
Your love to Life's Almighty Will, and lo,  
Upon the instant, like a river-head  
Upspringing in your flesh, began to flow  
Anew the world-creating power of God.

*To Jesus*

HENRY BRYAN BINNS



VII

THE WORLD'S JESUS



*Go ye into all the world, and preach  
the gospel to the whole creation.*

Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in days of long ago,  
By two and two they sallied forth to lands of sun or  
snow;  
And each slow century since then has seen this loyal  
clan  
Break out to bear the blessed news to all the sons of  
man.

Beside the slim, tall temples, where the tawny rivers run,  
They set their tents where shining stars looked down  
on Babylon.

Through Memphis' linteled gates they passed, and sang  
a holy psalm,  
Where carven gods looked down on them in imme-  
morial calm.

Their bare feet pressed the beaten shore, beneath dark  
Nubia's cliffs;  
They ate the corn from out their scrips, where Kar-  
nak's hieroglyphs  
Tell how the world's gray mother, dead, beside old  
Nilus lies,  
And held the lifted cross before Assyria's glazing eyes.

Down to imperial Rome they drew, o'er the Cam-  
pagna's turf,  
Nor halted where the rocky shore flung back the  
roaring surf,  
But spread the sails, and, unafeard, across the seething  
main  
Steered where the wild Atlantic lashed the pillared  
front of Spain.

In single file, on lonely paths, they walked through  
forests dim,  
And stirred the Saxon silence with their solemn matin  
hymn;  
The bloom of Irish primroses fell on their wandering  
feet,  
And heather on the Scottish hills made all their gar-  
ments sweet.

Beside the stormy Northern capes they taught the  
Vikings bold  
And in the English meadows green the wondrous tale  
they told;  
Amid the cairns, among the oaks, they reared the holy  
crypt,  
And dared to tell of dying Love, where Druid altars  
dripped.

And still o'er all the earth they fare, where'er a soul  
has need;  
**M**y heart leaps up and calls to them: O Brothers  
mine! God speed!

What time within the jungle deep ye watch the day-  
light die,  
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn flush all the  
sky.

Far is the cry from here to there, yet hearken when  
we say:  
Ye are the brethren of the Book; in Khartoum or  
Cathay,  
'Tis ye who make the record good, 'tis ye, O royal  
souls!  
Who justify the Chronicles, writ in the ancient scrolls.

O Missionaries of the Blood! Ambassadors of God!  
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have  
fearless trod  
At break of day; your dauntless faith our slackened  
valor shames,  
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your  
names.

*The Missionaries*  
ROBERT MCINTYRE

*That the love wherewith thou lovest me  
may be in them and I in them!*

What means this waiting throng?  
Whence have these weary wayworn wanderers come?  
Why rises, in strange tongues, the expectant hum,  
Like that tense under-song

The joyful Jordan voices in the spring  
Till Hermon hearkens, leaning grandly down,  
And wearing still his glimmering snowy crown?  
Soon will these murmuring lips with ardor sing,  
And soon these lifted faces, wan or brown,  
Glow into worship that is rapturing.  
Back will be thrown the consecrated door,  
And then these feet, from many a distant shore,  
Be privileged to press the hallowed floor.

Why they have come,—the hardy mountaineer  
From Lebanon's cedars and their checkered shade?  
The merchant and the snowy-mantled maid  
Who hold great Nilus dear?  
Why have they come,—the men with restless eyes  
And pallid cheeks that tell of norland skies?  
Why have they come,—the Latin and the Greek?  
Do pilgrims thus this sanctuary seek  
Because 'tis here  
For year on forty year  
The red earth drank  
The deluged blood of Paynim and of Frank?  
Or do they surge to see  
The antique symmetry  
Of springing arch and carven pillar fine,  
In this old holy house of Constantine?

Ah, no! ah, no! To them the memory  
Of war is not, and monarchs play no part  
In any thought that stirs an eager heart.  
They have no eyes to see

A single graceful groining. What care they  
If here, upon a bygone Christmas-day  
The King-Crusader, Baldwin, took his crown!  
Or what to them the saint of blest renown  
In yonder sepulcher, now crumbling clay!  
Their patient feet one precious spot would press,  
Their yearning eyes would lovingly caress  
The time-dulled silver star  
Sunk deep within the pavement, footfall-worn:  
“*Here, of the Virgin Mary, Christ was born,*”  
They read, these pilgrims who have plodded far.  
They read and pass and ponder. Few can see  
The tiny chapel and the dim-lit shrine,  
And feel no thrill, despite the mummery,  
Of something more divine  
Within the breast than ever pulsed before.  
Then let us pilgrims be  
Upon this sacred day we all adore!  
Although our mortal feet touch not the floor,  
Although our mortal eyes may not behold,  
Our spirits may take flight,  
And with immortal sight  
Stand where the prayerful wise-men stood of old  
In ecstasy of adoration, when  
They saw the Saviour of the sons of men.

*The Christmas Pilgrimage (Bethlehem)*

CLINTON SCOLLARD

*We have the mind of Christ.*

I cannot put the Presence by, of Him, the Crucified,  
Who moves men's spirits with His love as doth the  
    moon the tide;  
Again I see the Life He lived, the godlike Death He  
    died.

Again I see upon the cross that great Soul-battle  
    fought,  
Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought  
Until it hath become the woof of human deed and  
    thought,—

And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morn-  
    ing fill,  
His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill,  
Like some fresh grief from yesterday that tears the  
    heart-strings still.

 I cannot put His presence by, I meet Him everywhere;  
I meet Him in the country town, the busy market-  
    square;  
The Mansion and the Tenement attest His presence  
    there.

 Upon the funneled ships at sea He sets His shining feet;  
The Distant Ends of Empire not in vain His Name  
    repeat,—  
And, like the presence of a rose, He makes the whole  
    world sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by  
barren creeds;  
About the globe from zone to zone, like sunlight He  
proceeds;  
He comes to give the World's starved heart the per-  
fect love it needs,—

The Christ, Whose friends have played Him false,  
Whom Dogmas have belied,  
Still speaking to the hearts of men—tho' shamed and  
crucified,  
The Master of the centuries Who will not be denied!

*The Voice of Christmas*  
HARRY KEMP

*And the Word became flesh, and  
dwelt among us.*

On Christmas Eve, so runs the marvellous tale,  
Heaven once flashed through her amethystine veil,  
And while this raptured earth beheld and heard  
Those star-eclipsing choirs, the Eternal Word  
Put on our flesh to bear our human bale.

Faint with the sweets such sanctities exhale,  
Deep-brooding Doubt lets fall his winnowing flail,  
And feels his weary heart divinely stirred

On Christmas Eve.

For sudden lustres play o'er hill and dale,  
The silence thrills with music, mothers pale  
Smile like Madonnas, and the Christ, unblurred  
By mists of time, unslain, unsepulchred,  
Life's cup reconsecrates to Holy Grail  
On Christmas Eve.

*On Christmas Eve*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*I press toward the goal unto the prize  
of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

If I had been in Palestine  
A poor disciple I had been.  
I had not risked or purse or limb  
All to forsake, and follow Him.  
But with the vast and wondering **throng**  
I too had stood and listened long;  
I too had felt my spirit stirred  
When the Beatitudes I heard.

With the glad crowd that sang the psalm,  
I too had sung, and strewed the palm;  
Then slunk away in dastard shame  
When the High Priest denounced His name.  
But when my late companions cried  
“Away! let Him be crucified!”  
I would have begged, with tremulous  
Pale lips, “Release Him unto us!”

Beside the cross when Mary prayed,  
A great way off I too had stayed;  
Not even in that hour had dared,  
And for my dying Lord declared;  
But beat upon my craven breast,  
And loathed my coward heart, at least,  
To think my life I dared not stake  
And beard the Romans for His sake.

*Judge me, O Lord!*

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

*Who shall separate us from  
the love of Christ?*

## I

O man of light and lore!  
Do you mean that in our day  
The Christ hath passed away;  
That nothing now is divine  
In the fierce rays that shine  
Through every cranny of thought;  
That Christ as He once was taught  
Shall be the Christ no more?  
That the Hope and Saviour of men  
Shall be seen no more again;  
That, miracles being done,  
Gone is the Holy One?  
And thus, you hold, this Christ  
For the past alone sufficed;

From the throne of the hearts of the world  
The Son of God shall be hurled,  
And henceforth must be sought  
New prophets and kings of thought;  
That the tenderest, truest word  
The heart of sorrow hath heard  
Shall sound no more upon earth;  
That he who hath made of birth  
A dread and sacred rite;  
Who hath brought to the eyes of death  
A vision of heavenly light,—  
Shall fade with our failing faith;—  
He who saw in children's eyes  
Eternal paradise;  
Who made the poor man's lowly  
Labor a service holy,  
And sweat of work more sweet  
Than incense at God's feet;  
Who turned the God of Fear  
To a Father, bending near;  
Who looked through shame and sin  
At the sanctity within;  
Whose memory, since he died,  
The earth hath sanctified—  
Hath been the stay and the hold  
Of millions of lives untold,  
And the world on its upward path  
Hath led from crime and wrath;—  
You say that this Christ hath passed  
And we cannot hold him fast?

## II

Ah, no! If the Christ you mean  
Shall pass from this time, this scene,  
These hearts, these lives of ours,  
'Tis but as the summer flowers  
Pass but return again,  
To gladden the world of men.  
For he,—the only, the true,—  
In each age, in each waiting heart,  
Leaps into life anew.  
Tho' he pass, he shall not depart.

Behold him now where he comes!  
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,  
But the lord of our hearts, of our homes,  
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;  
The brother of want and blame,  
The lover of women and men,  
With a love that puts to shame  
All passions of mortal ken;—  
Yet of all of women born  
His is the scorn of scorn;  
Before whose face do fly  
Lies and the love of a lie;  
Who from the temple of God  
And the sacred place of laws  
Drives forth, with smiting rod,  
The herds of ravening maws.

'Tis he, as none other can,  
Makes free the spirit of man,

And speaks, in darkest night,  
One word of awful light  
That strikes through the dreadful pain  
Of life, a reason sane—  
That word divine which brought  
The universe from naught.

Ah, no, thou life of the heart,  
Never shalt thou depart!  
Not till the leaven of God  
Shall lighten each human clod;  
Not till the world shall climb  
To thy height serene, sublime,  
Shall the Christ who enters our door  
Pass to return no more.

*The Passing of Christ*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

*Every good gift and every perfect  
gift is from above, coming  
down from the Father of lights.*

Lord, I am just a little boy  
Born one day like You,  
And I've got a mother dear  
And a birthday too.  
But my birthday comes in spring,  
When the days are long,  
And the robin in the tree  
Wakens me with song.

Since the birds are all away,  
Lord, when You are born,  
Let Your angels waken me  
On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy,  
Hidden in the night:  
Let Your angels spy me out  
Long before it's light.  
I would be the first to wake  
And the first to raise  
In this quiet home of ours  
Songs of love and praise.  
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,  
Blow my Christmas horn;  
Let Your angels waken me  
On Your birthday morn.

*A Child's Christmas Song*

**T. A. DALY**

*This is the victory that overcometh  
the world, even our faith.*

All these on whom the sacred seal was set,  
They could forsake thee while thine eyes were wet.  
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,  
Yet having seen I cannot once forget.

I have looked long into those friendly eyes,  
And found thee dreaming, fragile, and unwise.  
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,  
Yet have I loved thee for thy gracious lies.

One broke thee with a kiss at eventide,  
And he that loved thee well has thrice denied.  
Brother, I have no faith in thee at all,  
Yet must I seek thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

Behold that John that leaned upon thy breast;  
His eyes grew heavy and he needs must rest.  
I watched unseen through dark Gethsemane  
And might not slumber, for I loved thee best.

Peace thou wilt give to them of troubled mind,  
Bread to the hungry, spittle to the blind.  
My heart is broken for my unbelief,  
But that thou canst not heal though thou art kind.

They asked one day to sit beside thy throne.  
I made one prayer, in silence and alone.  
Brother, thou knowest my unbelief in thee.  
Bear not my sins, for thou must bear thine own.

Even he that grieves thee most "Lord, Lord," he saith,  
So will I call on thee with my last breath!  
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,  
*Yet I am wounded for thee unto death.*

*An Unbeliever*

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH  
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*He came and preached peace  
to you that were far off.*

It is said the Bedouins cry, on the Syrian hills, a clear  
Loud summons to War, and the tribes far distant  
    hearken and hear,  
So wondrous rare is the air, so crystal the atmosphere.  
Their call is to arms; but One, in the centuries long  
    ago,  
Spake there for Peace, in tones that were marvellous  
    sweet and low,  
And the ages they hear Him yet, and His voice do  
    the nations know.

*On Syrian Hills*

RICHARD BURTON

*Beloved, let us love one another,  
for love is of God.*

My father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats,  
Back in those blazing years when the house was  
    divided.  
Bless his old heart! There never was truer or  
    kinder;  
Yet he prayed, while hoping the ball from his clumsy  
    old musket  
Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young  
    Southerner  
And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg  
    trenches.

That was my father, serving the Lord and his country,  
Praying and shooting whole-heartedly,  
Never a doubt.  
And now what about  
Me in my own day of battle?  
Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?  
Hardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here.  
My country calls for my body, and takes my soul also.  
Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?  
Turn away, Jesus, for I've got to kill them.  
Why? Oh, well, it's the way of my fathers,  
And such evils bring some vast, vague good to my country.  
I don't know why, but to-day my business is killing,  
And my gods must be luck and the devil till this thing is over.  
Leave me now, Lord. Your eye makes me slack in my duty."  
My father could mix his prayers and his shooting,  
And he was a rare true man in his generation.  
Now, I'm fairly decent in mine, I reckon;  
Yet if I should pray like him, I'd spoil it by laughing.  
What is the matter?

*My Father and I*

CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

*Christ also suffered, the righteous  
for the unrighteous.*

They have dressed me up in a soldier's dress,  
With a rifle in my hand,  
And have sent me bravely forth to shoot  
My own in a foreign land.

Oh, many shall die for the fields of their homes,  
And many in conquest wild,  
But I shall die for the fatherland  
That murdered my little child.

How many hundreds of years ago—  
The nations wax and cease!—  
Did the God of our fathers doom us to bear  
The flaming message of peace!

We are the mock and the sport of time!  
Yet why should I complain!—  
For the Jew that they hung on the bloody cross,  
He also died in vain.

*The Jewish Conscription (in Russia)*  
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

*Far be it from me to glory, save  
in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

At the high ridge  
Of a wide war-stricken realm  
There stands an ancient wooden Christ.

Hollow the tottering image towers,  
Eyeless, and rotten, and decrepit there,  
His smile a cruel twist.

Within the empty heart of this old Christ  
Small stinging insects build their nests;  
And iron-hearted soldiers cross themselves  
The while they pass  
The hollow-hearted figure by.

I think there is no Christ left there  
In all those carnage-loving lands  
Save only this of hollow wood  
With wasp nests  
Hiving in its heart.

*The Wooden Christ*

MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Written before Good Friday, 1917.

*I will pray the Father, and he shall  
give you another Comforter, that he  
may be with you forever.*

Under our curtain of fire,  
Over the clotted clouds,  
We charged, to be withered, to reel  
And despairingly wheel  
When the bugles bade us retire.  
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,  
Fingers of red-hot steel  
Suddenly closed on my side.

I fell, and began to pray.  
I crawled on my hands and lay  
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;  
Then,—I swooned . . .

When I woke it was yet day.  
Fierce was the pain of my wound;  
But I saw it was death to stir,  
For fifty paces away  
Their trenches were.  
In torture I prayed for the dark  
And the stealthy step of my friend  
Who, staunch to the very end,  
Would creep to the danger-zone  
And offer his life as a mark  
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,—  
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,  
As if my comrade's head  
Were lifted from that scene  
Of passion and pain and dread;  
As if my comrade's heart  
In carnage took no part;  
As if my comrade's feet  
Were set on some radiant street  
Such as no darkness could haunt;  
As if my comrade's eyes  
No deluge of flame could surprise,  
No death and destruction daunt,

No red-beaked bird dismay,  
Nor sight of decay.  
Then in the bursting shells' dim light,  
I saw he was clad in white.  
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock  
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.  
Alert were the enemy, too,  
And their bullets flew  
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail:  
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright;  
But he did not flee nor quail.  
Instead, with unhurrying stride,  
He came,  
And, gathering my tall frame,  
Like a child in his arms . . .

Again I swooned;  
And awoke  
From a blissful dream  
In a cave by a stream.  
My silent comrade had bound my side.  
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—  
A mastering wish to serve this man  
Who had ventured through hell my doom to revoke,  
As only the truest of comrades can.  
I begged him to tell me how best I might aid him,  
And urgently prayed him  
Never to leave me, whatever betide;  
When I saw he was hurt—  
Shot through the hands that were clasped in prayer!  
Then, as the dark drops gathered there

And fell in the dirt,  
The wounds of my friend  
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.  
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands  
Seemed to transcend  
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands  
Had known or would know till the mad world's end.  
Then suddenly I was aware  
That his feet had been wounded, too,  
And, dimming the white of his side  
A dull stain grew.  
"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.  
His words I already foreknew:  
"These are old wounds," said he,  
"But of late they have troubled me."

*The White Comrade*  
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

*Let not your heart be troubled,  
neither let it be afraid.*

Perhaps they had no time to think of Him,  
Those comfortable men, when business urged;  
And where the dusty whirl of pleasure surged  
The memory of His face no doubt grew dim—  
But when they turned from safety and content,  
Unflinchingly laid by  
The tools of their prosperity, and went  
To suffer and to die

For just a thought, a disembodied dream  
That some call Nothing—when they knew the  
wrench

Of raveled nerves, the squalor of the trench,  
The dying look's reproach, the scarlet steam  
Of battle hand to hand—amid that hell  
Of agony they looked into the eyes  
They had not seen, in days when all was well.  
Out of the marsh of death they saw Him rise  
In the white robes that gladdened Galilee,  
Walking the hot red waves of blood and flame  
As long ago He came

To those that laboured on a troubled sea.  
And they, who had forgotten Him so long,  
Remembered that those wounded hands were strong  
And infinitely kind . . .

O Lord of Love! shall we not understand,  
Who in our comfort are as grossly blind?  
We prosper to the height of our desire—  
How should our rich and busy hands require  
Aught of the Wounded Hand?  
Till comes a day when we are under fire,  
Spent, bleeding, stripped of our complacent pride,  
And beaten to the last extremity,  
Then, a living presence at our side,  
White Comrade, we find—Thee!

*The White Comrade*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR  
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*We are compassed about with so great  
a cloud of witnesses!*

Ours is a dark Easter-tide and a scarlet Spring,  
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,  
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,  
All the roads from dusk to dawn, gay they wind and  
twist—

The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battle-fields, few the roadways  
wind,  
One to grief, one to death, no road that's kind—  
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!

(Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,  
David in his robe and crown—few there be that fail—  
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet and  
hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-  
tossed,  
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,  
There they find their God again, long ago they lost!

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men  
moan,  
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers  
alone,  
Christ along the battle-fields comes to lead His own:

Souls that would have withered soon in the hot world's  
glare,  
Blown and gone like shrivelled things, dusty on the  
air,  
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and  
fair!

Ours is a sad Easter-tide, and a woeful day,  
But high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all  
gay,  
For the old road to Paradise, that's a crowded way!

*The Old Road to Paradise*

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*The Dayspring from on high shall guide  
our feet in the way of peace.*

Far, far the mountain peak from me  
Where lone he stands, with look caressing;  
Yet from the valley, wistfully  
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see  
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows  
Upon that summit chill and breathless  
Where throned he waits amid the snows;  
But from his presence wide outflows  
Love that is warm and deathless!

O Symbol of the great release  
From war and strife!—unfailing fountain  
To which we turn for joy's increase,  
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace—  
*Thy* peace upon the mountain!

*The Christ of the Andes*  
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

*Thy kingdom come!*

Across the bitter centuries I hear the wail of men:  
“Oh, would that Jesus Lord, the Christ, would come  
to us again.”

We decorate our altars with a ceremonious pride,  
With all the outward shows of pomp His worship is  
supplied:

Great churches raise their mighty spires to pierce the  
sunlit skies

While in the shadow of the cross we mutter blas-  
phemies.

We know we do not do His will who lessoned us to pray,  
“Our Father grant within our lives Thy Kingdom rule  
to-day.”

The prayer He taught us once a week we mouth with  
half-shut eye

While in the charnel-house of words immortal mean-  
ings die.

Above our brothers' frailties we cry “Unclean! Unclean!”  
And with the hands that served her shame still stone  
the Magdalene.

We know within our factories that wan-cheeked women  
reel

Among the deft and droning belts that spin from  
wheel to wheel.

We know that unsexed childhood droops in dull-eyed  
drudgery—

The little children that He blessed in far off Galilee,—  
Yet surely, Lord, our hearts would grow more merci-  
ful to them,

If Thou couldst come again to us as once in Bethlehem.

*A Page from America's Psalter*

WILLARD WATTLES

*Suffer the little children, and forbid  
them not, to come unto me.*

“Christ the Lord is risen!”  
Chant the Easter children,  
Their love-moulded faces  
Luminous with gladness,  
And their costly raiment  
Gleaming like the lilies.

But last night I wandered  
Where Christ had not risen,  
Where love knows no gladness,  
Where the Lord of Hunger  
Leaves no room for lilies  
And no time for childhood.

And to-day I wonder  
Whether I am dreaming;  
For above the swelling  
Of their Easter music  
I can hear the murmur  
“Suffer *all* the children.”

Nay, the world is dreaming!  
And my seeing spirit  
Trembles for its waking,  
When their Saviour rises  
To restore the lilies  
To the outcast children.

*The Easter Children*

ELSA BARKER

*I came that they may have life,  
and may have it more abundantly.*

When the Lord of the great and the little,  
The potter whose hand shapes our clay,  
Sets a child in the midst of the market  
Where the world-peoples chaffer all day,  
Sets a child with its innocent questions,  
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,  
In the very heart's core of the clamor,  
A thought of the Maker divine;—

And men, in their lust for dominion,  
Their madness for silver and gold,  
Crush the beauty and charm of that spirit,  
Make the flower-face withered and old,

Bind the hands and feet with a tether  
That childhood can never untie,  
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding  
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

He sees, though we think Him unseeing,  
He knows when the factory wheels  
Grind down the life-blood of children;  
When the poor little bond-servant kneels  
In the pang of its frightful abasement;—  
Though all are deaf to its prayer,  
There is coming a dark day of judgment,  
And the Lord of the child will be there.

The child in the midst, as we've marred it,  
Bent-shouldered, dull-eyed, and a slave,  
That cringes at word and at fetter,  
That cries for the rest of the grave;  
With our free flag unfolding above it,  
So free, from the pine to the palm!  
And our scared pallid children beneath it!  
There's a jar in the lilt of our psalm.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,  
From the mill where the clogged air is thick  
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it;  
From the home where it's fevered and sick

With man's toil, when God meant it for gladness,  
The child in the midst of our clay  
God-moulded, man-marred, calls to heaven  
For the vengeance we're daring this day.

*The Child in the Midst*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

*Whoso shall receive one such little child  
in my name, receiveth me.*

O Mary, lend thy Babe to me  
To hold upon my breast!  
It cannot be, it cannot be—  
Thy heart would shake his rest.  
Beneath thy robe I see it leap—  
How in such tumult could he sleep?

God's Mother, shame upon thee now,  
So hard and cold to be!  
And who art thou—and who art thou  
That criest shame on me?  
A wasted woman, hungering sore  
For the sweet babe I never bore.

Now for that waste be thine the shame—  
Thy sentence thou dost speak;  
And for that hunger thine the blame.  
Were no lost lambs to seek  
Where crowds unseeing pass and press—  
No little children motherless?

O Mary, let me seek for such!  
Mine eyes with tears were blind—  
Nay, daughter, seek not overmuch;  
Go forth and thou shalt find  
Naked and hungry everywhere  
The little ones thou didst not bear.

Wipe clear of useless tears thine eyes,  
Thy heart of futile dreams.  
Go forth to face realities—  
One deed of mercy seems  
To this my Son and Me, more fair  
Than a whole life of barren prayer.

Love not in word, but in good sooth;  
Deserted and defiled,  
Each little human form in truth  
Harbours the Eternal Child.  
Held in thine arms, His eyes of grace  
Shall open to thy bending face.

God's Mother, I have been to blame—  
Nay, daughter,—no regret.  
Forget thy blame, forget thy shame—  
Thy very self forget.  
Give wholly thine awakened heart.  
My Child hath need of all thou art.

*At Bethlehem*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR  
196

*Behold what manner of love the Father  
hath bestowed upon us, that we should  
be called children of God!*

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—  
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:  
When one with him, then one with Thee:  
Nor, save together, thine are we.

*To the Christ*

J. B. TABB

*Can the blind  
guide the blind?*

She called from her cell,  
“Let me give you a rose,”  
To the cold tract-man  
In his Sabbath clothes.

And the tract-man said  
To the one gone mad,  
“How can you give  
What you never had?”

“As you give Christ,”  
The madwoman said,  
“While love in your heart  
Lies cold and dead.”

*Madness*

HARRY LEE

*If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not  
... his own life, he cannot be my disciple.*

A Christmas gift, oh Lord—  
Some fiery vision,  
Not drowsy promises  
Of fields Elysian.

It was but now we came  
Out of the jungle;  
And how can beasts contrive  
Save botch and bungle?  
Since half is still the beast  
And half is human,  
Sorrow must follow hard  
On man and woman.

But let Thy kindness thrill  
Through hateful places:  
Our wicked streets are paved  
With baby faces—

For these, Thy little ones,  
Strew Christmas graces;

Let each one have a toy,  
Forget not any  
And think upon their tears—  
The sad too many!

For their sake come once more  
Down to Thy manger;  
Once more drive from Thy church  
The money-changer.

Again where all may see  
Die for us, Master:  
Because we shrink too much  
From death's disaster,  
Master, once more die Thou,  
And show us how.

*On Christmas Day*  
GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

*To-day if ye shall hear  
his voice--*

Once by an arch of ancient stone,  
Beneath Italian olive-trees  
(In Pentecostal youth, too prone  
To visions such as these),

And now a second time, to-day,  
Yonder, an hour ago! 'Tis strange.  
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,  
That far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek  
Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;  
Seraglio windows, doors that reek  
Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,  
French sailors singing in the street;  
The Western meets the Eastern power,  
And minglesthis is Crete.

. . . . .

'Tis strange! No wonder and no dread  
Was on me; hardly even surprise.  
I knew before he raised his head  
Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew  
The leaning figure by the boat,  
The long straight gown of faded hue;  
The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech  
Above the naked sailor there,  
Calking his vessel on the beach,  
Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet-stroke  
Pounding the tow into the seam;  
He paused and mused, and would have spoke,  
Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—  
As once before, even so now—  
Till full on mine their passion burned  
With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak  
Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,  
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek;  
And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,  
And sweat and shuddering of the mind,  
Stumbling along the dazzling shore,  
Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's silver caves  
Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.

• • • • •  
And all my being, for an hour,  
Has sat in stupor, without thought,  
Empty of memory, love, or power,  
A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!  
But now at last the ebbed will turns;  
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,  
The ghostly protest burns.

"Yea, it is I, 'tis I indeed!  
But who art thou, and plannest what?  
Beyond all use, beyond all need!  
Importunate, unbesought,

"Unwelcome, unendurable!  
To the vague boy I was before—  
O unto him thou camest well;  
But now, a boy no more,

“Firm-seated in my proper good,  
Clear-operant in my functions due,  
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—  
What hast thou here to do?

“Yes, I have loved thee—love thee, yes;  
But also—hear’st thou?—also him  
Who out of Ida’s wilderness  
Over the bright sea-rim,

“With shaken cones and mystic dance,  
To Dirce and her seven waters  
Led on the raving Corybants,  
And lured the Theban daughters

“To play on the delirious hills  
Three summer days, three summer nights,  
Where wert thou when these had their wills?  
How liked thee their delights?

“Past Melos, Pelos, to the straits,  
The waters roll their spangled mirth,  
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,  
To my own under-earth,

“My glad, great land, which at the most  
Knows that its fathers knew thee; so  
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;  
But follow thee? Ah, no!

“Thine image gently fades from earth!  
Thy churches are as empty shells,  
Dim-plaining of thy words and worth,  
And of thy funerals!

“But oh, upon what errand, then,  
Leanest thou at the sailor’s ear?  
Hast thou yet more to say, that men  
Have heard not, and must hear?”

Passages from *Second Coming*

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

*Lo, I am with you always, even  
unto the end of the world!*

Loud mockers in the roaring street  
Say Christ is crucified again:  
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,  
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear and to myself I smile,  
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone  
From off His unawaking sleep,  
In vain shall Mary watch alone.  
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead  
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear  
That voice exceeding sweet and low  
Within the garden calling clear:  
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet  
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,  
And Bartimeus still go blind;  
The healing hem shall ne'er again  
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,  
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall He plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

*The Second Crucifixion*  
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

## VIII

### CHRIST AND THE WORLD WAR



*He appointed singers . . . that should praise the Beauty of Holiness as they went out before the army. And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the enemy and they were smitten.*

Weary the centuries while His Kingdom waits,  
For earth is rent with strife and hate and woe,  
And Youth's bright armies down to death must go!  
Remorseless hell has opened wide its gates  
As if God's rule had passed to vengeful Fates  
And plotting fiends could wander to and fro!  
Where now is Christ with tender love aglow—  
Christ who His days to mercy consecrates?

“Ye call me Prince of Peace,” He answers—“bless  
My name. But lo! when man exults in crime,  
Mine is the lightning-stroke, the whirlwind-stress,  
The cannon's roar, the battle-front sublime!  
My peace is the great Peace of Righteousness,  
And Love and Justice meet in Valor's prime!”

*I Came Not to Send Peace but a Sword*  
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

*By what power or in what  
name have ye done this?*

The Kings of the earth are men of might,  
And cities are burned for their delight,  
And the skies rain death in the silent night,  
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, who made them all,  
Is fair and gentle, and very small;  
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—  
    Let them think of Him to-day!

*Kings. A Christmas Poem in War-time*

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

*Jesus . . . made a scourge of small cords  
and drove the money-changers out of the Temple.*

Who said, “*It is a booth where doves are sold?*”  
Who said, “*It is a money-changers’ cave?*”  
Silence to such forever, and behold!  
    It is a vast cathedral, and its nave  
And dim-lit transept and broad aisles are filled  
    With a great nation’s millions on their knees  
With new devotion and high fervor thrilled,  
    Offering silver and heart’s-ease  
And love and life and all sweet-temporal things,  
    Still to keep bright  
    The steady light  
That stifles in the wake of kings!

A market-place! they cried?  
A lotus-land? They lied!  
It is a great cathedral, not with hands  
Upraised, but by the spirit’s mute commands;

Uplifted by the spirit, wall and spire,  
To house a nation's purified desire!  
A church! Where in hushed fervor stand  
The children of contending races,  
Forgetting feud and fatherland—  
A hundred million lifted faces.

From *An Ode of Dedication*  
HERMANN HAGEDORN

*Until the Ancient of Days come!*

In garments dyed with blood, thorn-crowned, alone,  
A wistful figure on the battle-field  
Is by frore moonlight through the dusk revealed.  
The mutterings of crass voices 'round him groan.  
“Hearing he has not heard;  
A god, he has not stirred  
To stay this shamefulness of war,” men say.  
Spear-pierced by scorn he passes on his way.

Dark is earth's skyline, scarlet-dark; and he  
Is pale as wind-blown ashes. His scarred face  
Droops to the slain boys in that slaughter-place;  
His wounded hands touch all hands tenderly.  
Yet when he lifts his eyes  
The love-light in them dies;  
For fury he has fury and for those  
Who show no mercy he no mercy knows.

He tramples out the wine-press of his wrath;  
He puts the mighty down from their high seat;  
Time-rotted tyrannies topple at his feet;  
Gaunt discrowned spectres flit before his path.

    Their doom was in his word  
    When first Judea heard  
Of brotherhood. Kings scuttle at his nod,  
Blown down black battles by the breath of God.

The night brims up with hate and misery;  
As from the ground, at each thin blart of fire,  
Gleam dead phosphoric eyes in deathless ire.  
The hosts snatch freedom from their butchery.

    Dead—no lords they fear,  
    Dead—their blue lips jeer.

Their cross, and his, drives on the smash of things.  
The Carpenter builds scaffolds for the Kings.

*The Carpenter*

JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

*Not a sparrow shall fall  
without your Father.*

Bird o'er the battlefield, singing in lull of the thunder,  
What gave you song? Oh, be migrant; be fleet-winged  
    and pass!  
Though year to year you have mated and brooded  
    hereunder,  
Seek not your safety this spring in this blood-matted  
    grass.

You that last Maytime sang unto the west and its  
glamor,  
Speed while you may, while your wings are unwounded  
and strong.  
Think you to nest in these trenches? This merciless  
clamor,  
Think you to drown its least shrapnel with lyrical song?

Yet, if you stray, like an innocent child in a gutter,  
Wounded are here whose delirium shall hear you, and  
see  
Brooks in the farms of their youth, and whose fever  
shall mutter  
Name of a girl, of a mother, of Christ of the Tree.

What, spite of shrapnel and danger, has made you  
enraptured?  
Seeing and hearing what man may not see and not hear?  
Bird o'er the battlefield, what has your tiny heart  
captured?  
Is it that Christ, walking storm-waves of trenches,  
comes near?

*Bird O'er the Battlefield*  
ISABEL FISKE CONANT

*Himself He cannot save.*

One word sprang up in the heart of Christ,  
The center of all his power,  
The blossom of his transcendent life,—  
That miracle-word was “our.”

*Our Father!* 'Tis always "our," not "my."

*Together* we must pray.

*Our Father!* Deliver *us*, lead *us*;

*Our* debts, *our* bread to-day!

None can be Christ's and stand alone;

'Tis only leagued that we run;

There'll be no Christian upon this earth

Till the last man is won.

*Together* must we lift our hearts!

This was his message high.

Into the listening ear of God

No man may whisper "I."

For self, He says, I may not fight,

For *my* land, for *my* breath;

But in the jeopardy of good,

Then fight I to the death!

*A Thought of Jesus*

MARTHA FOOTE CROW

*High above all principality and power*

*and might and dominion and every name that is named!*

There has been only one man in my mind

All through the four black years.

I've heard of him in the sodden tents,

I've seen his face in the filthy trench  
Where the soldiers laugh at fears:  
Yea, by the young men's biers  
I've seen him stand by the mothers  
Shivering under their tears.

There has been only one man on the coasts  
Where the refugees are come;  
He has been in the minds of the massacred hosts  
Driven and starved and dumb;  
Where staggering lines of men obey  
The word that takes them a deathly way  
And souls fight on while ranks succumb.

He has come very near—  
This one man of the world,  
Where the herded peoples die on the plain  
And the children dwindle like blighted grain;  
By fierce flags over high standards curled  
By embattled men in thousands hurled  
Out of the green and living world—  
He is writ on the Scroll of the Slain,  
And comes to his own again.  
Yea, to the man's shape in Berlin  
I see his passionless presence win;  
There, to the shamed, world-loathéd head  
I see this one man enter in  
With calm accusing tread.

So, while the world in trance  
Conceives an unborn Soul,  
I see this one man's countenance

Turned on the myriad eyes that glance  
Forward to his control.  
Through bloody towns and wreckstrewn seas,  
Along by the shattered orchard trees,  
I see New Being rise from its knees,  
New regiments enroll;  
Marshals a New Mankind  
And a world of this One Man's mind!

*The Type*  
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

*Inasmuch as He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,  
He is able to succor them that are tempted.*

These sodden slimy trenches are my pews;  
This is my flock—rude, blood-bespattered men.  
Some boys are here whom I once taught at home—  
Far closer are we now than in those days.  
Then I have other lads who say the church  
Breeds superstition and hypocrisy.  
Some swear and gamble—till I won their hearts  
I heard them curse me for a “Holy Joe”!

Yet with what awe I minister to them—  
As fine a breed as God has put on earth!  
Irreverent—true! But by their scoffs they mask  
The altar fires aflame within their breasts!  
I do not preach to them that bloodless Christ  
Whom artists picture haunting No Man's Land—

Aloof and shuddering at the things He sees.  
Instead I tell them of that Man who met  
With fearless heart yon despot's cross and sword,  
And died, that through His death the soul might live.

They nod their heads; they understand this Christ . . .  
They take Him with them to their Calvary!

*The Army Chaplain*  
DANIEL HENDERSON

*I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world  
but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*

I cannot think or reason,  
I only know He came  
With hands and feet of healing  
And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened  
At all the things He saw,  
And in his pillared singing  
I read the marching Law.

I only know He loves me,  
Enfolds and understands—  
And oh, his heart that holds me,  
And oh, his certain hands—

The man, the Christ, the soldier,  
Who from his cross of pain  
Cried to the dying comrade,  
“Lad, we shall meet again.”

*Comrades of the Cross*

WILLARD WATTLES

*Whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.*

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,  
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,  
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,  
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear  
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget  
Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,  
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

*Prayer of a Soldier in France*

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

*Accept your share of hardship,  
like a noble soldier of Christ Jesus.*

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;  
I took off my knapsack and lightened my load;  
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

And I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone;  
And the road is so long—see—I'm tired to the  
bone—"  
I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone."

"My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?  
All that I suffered, you're suffering, too.  
My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?"

'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree;  
My child, can you die for your country—and me?  
'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree.

I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul,"  
Then I took up the march and I shouldered my roll;  
I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul."

I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy and smile.

Rest a little. I'll carry your burden a while.  
I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy—and smile!

*At the Bend of the Road*

Translation by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, from the  
French of Charles Mercier, Stretcher-bearer, VI  
Company Machine-gunners.

*Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars:  
see that ye be not troubled.*

Wild Europe, red with Wodin's dreadful dew,  
On fire with Loki's hate, more savage than  
Beasts that we shame by likening to man,  
Was it toward this the toiling centuries grew?

Was it for this the Reign of Love began  
In that young heretic, that gracious Jew,  
Whose race his followers flout the ages through?  
Is Time at last a mere comedian,

Mocking in cap and bells our pompous boast  
Of progress? Nay, we will not bear it so.  
A million hands launch ships to succor woe;  
The stars that shudder o'er the slaughtering host

Rain blessing on the Red Cross groups that go  
Careless of shrapnel, emulous for the post  
Where foul diseases wreak their uttermost  
Of horror. Saintship walks incognito

As scoffing Science, but Christ knows his own.  
Sway as it may the war-god's fell caprice,  
The victories of Love shall still increase  
Until at last, from all this wail and moan,

Rises the song of brotherhood to cease  
No more, no more,—the song that shall atone  
Even for this mad agony. The throne  
That war is building is the throne of Peace.

*Wild Europe\**

KATHARINE LEE BATES

\* Taken by permission from "The Retinue and Other Poems," copyright E. P. Dutton and Co.

Mahomed's banners dark the sun.  
Under the smile of the Christian Hun,  
Islam hate hath its work begun.  
March, march, Armenia, march!

Over your threshold seeps a flood;  
Bright are your lintels flecked with blood:  
March, march, Armenia, march!  
Out at the doors where your first-born males  
Dripping sag from the piercing nails,  
Sound your reveille with dying wails—  
March, march, Armenia, march!

*Lingering woe of the crucified,  
Hanging on high like Christ who died:  
Time not to weep by your crucified—  
March, march, Armenia, march!*

You flaunt no helmets to the skies,  
Dulling the red rain from your eyes—  
March, march, Armenia, march!  
Blinded, grope to the desert wild,  
Trampling the head of the slaughtered child;  
Over the limbs of the maid defiled,  
March, march, Armenia, march!

Climbing Arahrat's sacred crest  
Where came the Ark of Life to rest,  
March, march, Armenia, march!  
Sounds the last charge: the trumpets blow;  
Waves of steel through your thin ranks flow;  
Four thousand feet to the crags below,  
March, march, Armenia, march!

*Christ's arms outstretched no hate can hide—  
When Rome slew him, it nailed them wide!  
Into the heart of the Crucified,  
March, march, Armenia, march!*

*Armenian Marching Song*  
AJAN SYRIAN.

*Ye are come to Mount Zion, the City of the Ever-living  
God, to the spirits of just men made perfect.*

A banner blows where Sharon's rose in beauty once did  
bloom,  
The cruel Crescent meets its doom, the Cross triumphant goes!

Where once the harp and tabor rung a newer song is  
sung—

“We’re going to Jerusalem to vanquish Freedom’s foes.”

“We’re going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;  
We’re going to Jerusalem to fight for Freedom’s  
cause,

That prophecy may be fulfilled, of lands untilled  
and thousands killed,

And mighty sacrifice be spilled, obedient to laws.”

Oh little town of Bethlehem, thy streets may sound  
again

With rhythmic beat of marching feet of world-wide  
gathered men,

They follow true, Gentile and Jew, the great Judean’s  
word,

Who said, “I do not bring to you Peace, but I bring a  
sword.”

Throughout each blue Judean hill stalk martial figures  
strange,

And mighty guns that seek their range make Hebron’s  
echoes thrill.

From ancient temple, mosque, and shrine, cathedral,  
chapel, home,

Come men who knelt in England or bowed the knee  
at Rome,

Or bent the brow at Buddhist shrine, or failed of any  
creed;

All claim the right to march and fight for Freedom at  
her need.

They’re going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

They're going to Jerusalem with cannon and with  
sword;  
From land of palm and land of pine, from tropic  
shrine and Afric mine,  
They're going to Jerusalem to battle for the Lord.

And when the warrior's task is done, at set of sun, at  
rest of gun,  
Perhaps some Shropshire lad may run, forgetful of the  
war,  
To rest his limbs and drink his fill by cool Siloam's  
shady rill  
Or sleep upon some sheltered hill that sacred feet once  
bore.  
Some hardy boy from Saskatoon beneath the moon may  
rest and croon  
Some modern ukulele tune where David piped of yore,  
And men from Dublin and Dundee dream deep beneath  
some olive tree,  
Or row on peaceful Galilee or wander on its shore.  
For ours shall be Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;  
For ours shall be Jerusalem, that golden city blest,  
The happy home of which we've sung in every land  
and every tongue  
When there the pure white cross is hung, great  
spirits shall have rest!

### *The Last Crusade*

Published ten days before the taking of Jerusalem.

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

*This charge I commit unto thee: wage  
a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.*

What can be worth this cost of gold and tears,  
These lands laid desolate with fire and blood,  
This ruin past the mending of our years,  
These generations blighted in the bud?  
To seek until we find reality;  
To know ourselves, our brothers, and our Lord;  
In our own hearts to feel the searching sword  
That kills the false however dear it be.  
O God! give us to know  
The holy heart of suffering, and kneel  
To give Thee solemn thanks that we can feel  
A little of the pain that these have borne  
Who for Thy sake the crown of thorns have worn!  
We dare not say—"Be ours as Belgium's heart;  
Ours as the heart of France!" We only pray  
Help us to do our part;  
And to the children of a brighter day  
Give an enduring peace that shall not stray  
From Thy dear law of Love, whate'er befall—  
God, that were worth it all.

*That Were Worth It All*  
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR,

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